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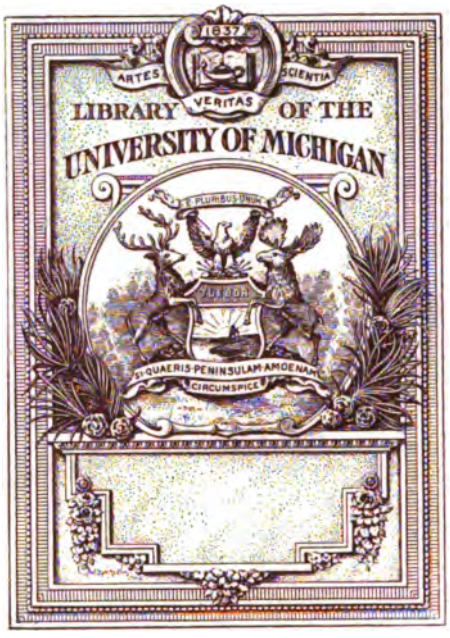

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

VOLUME THREE

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

VOLUME THREE

EDITED BY

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

WEBER

FRANZ · LISZT

PURCELL · JOHANN STRAUSS

THE SCARLATTIS

BOSTON
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1904

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MASTERS IN MUSIC: VOLUME THREE

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

WEBER

BORN 1786: DIED 1826

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CARL MARIA VON WEBER

Weber's personal appearance indicated great delicacy and sensibility. Though his broad brow, relieved against curly hair, revealed intellectual power, his mouth, with its finely molded, full lips, was expressive rather of sensuousness and artistic perception. His nose was prominent and high. He is said to have had an animated expression, and a peculiarly sweet smile.

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CARL MARIA VON

WEBER

BORN 1786: DIED 1826

IT is not without interest, when we remember Weber's[1] prominence as one of the earliest romanticists in music, as a master of the dramatic style, and as the most important forerunner of Wagner, to notice that he was the offshoot of a family distinguished through many generations for its love for the theater and theatrical music. Even at the beginning of the seventeeth century one Baron Joseph Franz von Weber built on his German country-estate a small theater and concert-hall; in the middle of the eighteenth Fridolin and Franz Anton von Weber, the uncle and father of the composer, were prominent amateurs; and Constance, who was a daughter of Fridolin, and consequently a cousin of Carl Maria, was a good singer and the wife of the great Mozart.

The composer's father, Franz Anton von Weber, combined with this dramatic instinct the moral worthlessness that so often accompanies it. He was a most farcical man. Beginning life as a handsome lieutenant, careless, attractive, and thoroughly selfish, he played successively the rôles of councillor and judge to the Elector of Cologne—a post most absurdly unsuited to him, and gained by his wife's family influence—exploiter of his son's precocious talents, traveling stage-manager, and town-musician. Finally, at the age of seventy-five, in 1809, when his son was for a while acting as secretary to the Duke of Wurtemberg, he even misappropriated some of the Duke's funds. And yet at his death, three years later, the son, whose evil genius he had been, wrote of him, "It is beyond measure painful to me that I could do no more to procure his happiness." The sentiment is to the credit more of the composer's heart than of his common sense.

Weber's mother was the second wife of Franz Anton, whom he, at the age of fifty, married as a charming but ailing girl of sixteen. She was a Viennese; but after the marriage, in 1785, the pair found it necessary to live more cheaply than was possible in a large city; and it was at this

[1]The German pronunciation of the name is Vay-bair. The family belonged to the minor nobility of Austria, the title of Baron (Freiherr) having been conferred on one of Weber's ancestors in 1622.

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period that Franz Anton tried the profession of "Stadt Musikant" (town-musician) in the little town of Eutin, in North Germany. His young wife, dull and lonely as well as ill, gave birth there to Carl Maria, on the 18th of December, 1786.[1] From his birth he was a delicate child, and a disease of the hip-bone with which he was born made him permanently lame. Franz Anton, bent on having a Mozart in the family, set vigorously to work to make the poor child into an infant prodigy, teaching him to play the piano before he could walk, and to sing almost before he could speak. Meanwhile the mother gradually faded away in consumption, and died, in 1798, when the boy was twelve years old.

Weber's youth was consequently a period of wandering among actors, singers, and vagabonds, without motherly care, and without any regular education. He studied music for a while with an elder brother, for a while with one Heuschkel; later with Michael Haydn, brother of the famous Joseph, and with J. N. Kalcher. In his seventeenth year he studied in Vienna with the brilliant but superficial Abbé Vogler. He never really mastered the technique of composition, which is not surprising when we reflect how fragmentary and uncumulative was his early study. On the other hand, he had the incalculable practical advantage of a first-hand experience of the stage; of living, as it were, behind the scenes. It was this early familiarization with theatrical methods that made him more at home with them, in his maturity, than any other German opera-writer save Wagner.

Weber became private secretary to Duke Louis of Wurtemberg in his twenty-first year. He now found himself in a brilliant court circle given over to dissipations and debaucheries. His own easily excitable and sensitive nature, free though it was from his father's weakness, made him readily throw himself into the pleasures about him. Though he continued to work irregularly at music, particularly at piano-playing and composition, he also gave himself up to a gay life. His opera 'Sylvana' was a pretext for "dinners, country excursions, and riotous suppers," says his biographer Sir J. Benedict. It was perhaps a good fortune in disguise when, in 1810, while the opera was in rehearsal, the king, Duke Louis' brother, avenging himself for an insult which his arrogance had provoked from the high-tempered young man, had him thrown into prison, and subsequently exiled. Weber looked upon this as a punishment for his frivolities and lack of devotion to his art. He laid aside his careless habits and devoted himself earnestly to work. "From this time forward," he wrote somewhat later, "I can count pretty tolerably on having settled matters with myself; and all that time has since done or can do for me is to rub off corners, and add clearness and comprehensibility to the principles then firmly established."

His wandering life, however, continued for three years more. He went to Mannheim for a while, then to Darmstadt; gave concerts in Switzerland, played with great success in Munich, and made a tour through Central and North Germany. He met Goethe in Weimar, but was coldly

[1] There is still controversy about this date, some authorities giving the 18th of November, 1786.

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treated by him. He spent some time in Gotha with its cultivated but eccentric Duke. He played his famous piano Concerto in E-flat in Leipsic, with great success. All this time he was composing many small works, but the real work of his life could not be done until his outward circumstances were more fixed and his state of mind more tranquil.

In 1818, with his appointment as musical director of the opera-house at Prague, began a more stable period. Here Weber found a field for congenial efforts. The opera was in a very low condition; the actors were bad, rehearsals were infrequent, Italian traditions dominated, and the public were indifferent and not disposed to demand a high standard. Weber not only searched far and wide for better singers, but he trained them so thoroughly, gave so much attention to the minutest details of the representations, and put so much of his personal magnetism into all of his work that he quite revolutionized the opera. He became thus so well known that when, a few years later, he was obliged by petty local jealousies and intrigues to resign his post he found no difficulty in getting another at once, and went to Dresden, in 1817, to establish a national opera. Here again he met with many obstacles; he was beginning to be known as a champion of German aims and ideals in music, and had always to face the opposition of those conservatives who were slaves of the Italian traditions. His health, never strong, frequently gave way under the anxieties and difficulties of his situation. Nevertheless he kept on, with gradually increasing success. He gave a great impetus to German national opera, almost as much as a conductor perhaps as he did as a composer. And the effect of regular work on his own excitable and mercurial temperament was most beneficial. The sense of steady and efficient labor quieted him, and he became much less subject to those fits of melancholy which had haunted him all through his early years of wandering, dissipation, and adventure.

Favorable as were the effects of work upon him in these posts, however, he had fallen under an influence in Prague that still longer delayed his reaching any thorough emotional tranquillity. The story of his infatuation with Thérèse Brunetti is a most distressing one. She was a dancer, and the wife of a dancer, at the opera; a common, scheming, mercenary, and thoroughly unprincipled woman who did not hesitate to take advantage of Weber's susceptibility for her own ends. For a long while she kept him in a fever of passion; now smiling upon him, now treating him with utter indifference; accepting his gifts, listening to his avowals of love, and boasting of her conquest of the *maestro* to her companions of the chorus. But this was the last of Weber's follies. Fortunately for him, he fell in love with Caroline Brandt, a singer at the Prague opera, a modest and intelligent girl. After several years of waiting, they were married in 1817, and the match proved a most happy one. The composer gained from it that sheltered atmosphere, that sense of quiet and stability, which seem to have been essential to his doing satisfactory work.

The last years of Weber's short life, those which he had now reached, were the years of his greatest activity and his most notable accomplish-

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ment. It was a time of fermentation in Germany; a new spirit of patriotism was being born from the struggles against Napoleon; the genius of romanticism, so characteristic of the Teutonic mind, was coming to life. By environment therefore, as well as by temperament, Weber was inspired to utter a new note in music, a note of greater personal passion than had been sounded before. He had already manifested the national quality of his genius in some stirring settings of Theodor Körner's patriotic songs, and in a cantata entitled 'Struggle and Victory.' He exercised his lighter, more superficially brilliant talents in the 'Invitation to the Dance,' written shortly after his marriage, and in the famous Concertstück for piano and orchestra, written somewhat later. But his first really great work was the opera, 'Der Freischütz,' with which his name is inextricably associated.

'Der Freischütz,' begun in 1817 but not finished until 1820, and first performed in Berlin on June 18, 1821, marks, as Dr. Hubert Parry says, "an epoch in the history of operatic art,—it was the first great opera which was German through and through." Its excellent libretto, written by Friedrich Kind, its tunefulness, the brilliancy of its orchestration, and its vital treatment, in a thoroughly German manner, of a German story, assured it an immediate success, in spite of some opposition from critics and from personal enemies of the composer. From that day to this it has been one of the most popular operas on the German stage.

The composer's next effort was handicapped by a bad libretto. The story of 'Euryanthe,' by a sentimental poetess named Helmina von Chezy, is a ridiculous potpourri of miscellaneous characters and inexplicable events, which only Weber's genius could make an audience tolerate. His work in this opera was a further carrying-out of the principles which had inspired 'Der Freischütz.' "It was another tremendous stride in the path of progress," says Mr. H. E. Krehbiel; "but the world did not know it, for now Weber was the forward man, leading the way into the hitherto unexplored fields of dramatic music." 'Euryanthe' was first produced in Vienna in 1823, with great success.

The pulmonary trouble which had long threatened Weber's frail body was now beginning to sap his energy to an alarming degree. At the same time that a London manager, Charles Kemble, offered him £1,000 for a new opera, his physicians told him that although by giving up all writing and going to Italy he might prolong his life, any serious mental effort would be fatal to him. Weber did not hesitate; his wife and family must be provided for, and it is probable that his mental restlessness also impelled him to be active. At any rate, he undertook the composition of 'Oberon,' his last opera, and carried it through with his usual indomitable energy, not shrinking even from the preliminary task of learning the English language. He completed his work early in 1826, and conducted twelve performances of the opera in London. It met with a tremendous success. After giving a few concerts to his English audiences, he made his preparations for the return home. But it was too late; his strength quite exhausted. He was found dead in his bed on the morning of June 5, 1826, lying as if in a quiet sleep.

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Weber was a man of remarkable physical and mental vivacity. He was of the nervous, excitable, ardent, unstable but fiercely energetic temperament. To realize what a pressure of steam he must have kept up we need only to reflect that in spite of his wandering youth, his irregular education, his frail constitution, and his early death at the age of thirty-nine, he left behind him not only three important and intensely original operas, but also works in almost every other branch of music, to say nothing of letters, criticisms, and other literary efforts. He was, indeed, like Robert Louis Stevenson, one of those men of greater intellectual ardor than bodily strength who fairly burn themselves out in a glow of intense vitality which they lack the fuel to feed.—THE EDITOR

THE ART OF WEBER

H. E. Krehbiel *'Famous Composers and Their Works*

WEBER'S significance lies in his dramatic works. His songs, charmingly poetic and beautiful as many of them are, have been pushed into the background by those of his contemporary Schubert and his successors in the song-field, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms. His part-songs for men's voices, especially his settings of Körner's patriotic lyrics, will probably be sung as long as the German gives voice to his love of Fatherland through the agency of *Männergesangvereine* (men's glee-clubs). It is no depreciation of their artistic merit, however, to say that they fill a much larger page in the social and political history of Germany than in the story of musical evolution. As a composer for the pianoforte Weber long ago became archaic. His sonatas are seldom heard nowadays outside of historical recitals the purpose of which is, in the first instance, instructive. The 'Concertstück,' once the hobby of nearly all performers of the brilliant school, is rapidly sinking into neglect, and one might attend concerts for a decade in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Boston, or New York without hearing either of the other concertos. The circumstance that in the 'Concertstück' and the 'Invitation to the Dance' Weber displayed a distinctly romantic tendency in the sense of striving to give expression to a poetical conceit placed at the foundation of the composition and kept in mind throughout, accounts in a great degree for the greater vitality of these two works. . . . The decadence of the liking for chamber-music with wind instruments and of solos for them has relegated Weber's compositions for the clarinet and its brethren of the harmonious choir to the museum of musical history.

It is then to his operas that we must go to study Weber's music as an expression of artistic feeling and conviction and as an influence. He was

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one of the forward men of his art, one whose principles and methods are as vital now as they were when he was yet alive in the body. In a very significant sense they are still new to a large portion of the musical world. They are just dawning in Italy. It is through Wagner's restatement of them that they are acquiring validity in new fields. Weber's full stature, indeed, can be seen only in the light which the example of Wagner throws upon him. This light goes out in several directions, but in each instance it discloses Weber as a precursor.

The intense Teutonism of Wagner which led him to aim at a resurrection in a new and glorified body of the "*dramma per musica*" of the Florentine reformers [composers of the early seventeenth century who introduced the opera—ED.] was an inheritance from his father-in-art and predecessor as Capellmeister at the Dresden opera. The romanticism of Weber displayed in his choice of subjects had a literary tincture; it went no further than it was propelled by the example of Tieck, Schlegel, and their companions, and it was colored by the mystical and sentimental Catholicism which was one of the singular reactionary fruits of the romantic movement in German literature. Wagner's romanticism is that of a period in which the pendulum had swung back again; it is psychological, almost physiological. The old myths will not serve in their medieval form; they must be reduced to their lowest terms. Yet though we note this difference in manifestation, the root of Wagner's romanticism strikes through Weber's.

Weber's sincerity of purpose led him to overturn the humdrum routine of operatic representation. He was an intermediary not only between the composer and the performers in all departments, but also between the art-work and the public. He was wholly modern in his employment of all the agencies that offered to induct the public into the beauties and meanings of the operas which he conducted. He was the precursor of Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, and all the present tribe of literary musicians. To do things perfunctorily seems to have been foreign to his nature. He labored as conscientiously to win appreciation for Marschner's 'Heinrich IV. und d'Aubigné' and Meyerbeer's 'Abimelek' as for Beethoven's 'Fidelio.' It is to Weber that we must trace the essential things which are recognized to-day as marking the difference between German and Italian opera outside of language and style of composition.

Weber's definition of an opera, when it was put forth, sounded in the ears of his contemporaries like a heresy, the realization of which would mean the destruction of operatic music. We are become familiar enough with it since Wagner achieved his reform, and therefore can scarcely appreciate how revolutionary it must have sounded three-quarters of a century ago. The opera, said Weber, is "an art-work complete in itself, in which all the parts and contributions of the related and utilized arts meet and disappear in each other, and, in a manner, form a new world by their own destruction." A society in Breslau applied to Weber for permission to perform 'Euryanthe' in concert style. Weber denied the request with

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the memorable words: "'Euryanthe' is a purely dramatic attempt which rests for its effectiveness upon the coöperation of all the sister arts, and will surely fail if robbed of their help." To these two definitions let us add two others of his, touching singing and form: "It is the first and most sacred duty of song to be truthful, with the utmost fidelity possible in declamation;" "All striving for the beautiful and the new good is praiseworthy; but the creation of a new form must be generated by the poem which is being set." Here we find stated in the plainest and most succinct terms the foundation principles of the modern lyric drama. . . .

The treatment of the subjects Weber chose by an instinctively truthful musical dramatist was bound to produce the features in which that which is chiefly characteristic in Weber's music is found. The supernaturalism of 'Der Freischütz' and 'Oberon,' the chivalresque sentiment of 'Euryanthe,' and the national tinge of 'Preciosa' all made new demands upon music as soon as the latter came to be looked upon as only one vehicle of dramatic expression instead of the chief business of the piece. The musical investiture of necessity borrowed local elements from the subject. Without losing its prerogative as an expounder of the innermost feelings of the drama, it acquired a decorative capacity so far as the externals of the play were concerned. Music became frankly delineative. Whatever may be thought of descriptive music in connection with the absolute forms of the art, there can be no question as to its justification in the lyric drama where text, action, and scenery are so many programs, or guides, to the purposes of the composer and the fancy of the listener. The more material kind of delineation, that which helped to heighten the effect of the stage pictures, to paint the terrors of the wolf's glen with its infernal rout as well as the dewy freshness of the forest and the dainty grace of the tripping elves, was paired with another kind far more subtle. The people of the play, like their prototypes in the medieval romances, ceased to be representatives of universal types, and became instead individuals who borrowed physiognomy from time, environment, and race. To give expression to the attributes thus acquired it became necessary to study the characteristics of those popular publications of emotion which had remained outside the artificial forms of expression. The voice of the German people, with their love for companionship, the chase, and nature, and their instinctive devotion to the things which have survived as relics of a time when their racial traits were fixed in them, Weber caught up from the folk-song, which ever and anon in the history of art, when music has threatened to degenerate into inelastic formalism, has breathed into it the breath of life. For the delineation of spiritual characteristics Weber utilized the melodic and rhythmic elements of the people's self-created popular songs; for material delineation his most potent agency was instrumentation. To the band he gave a share in the representation such as only Beethoven, Mozart, and Gluck before him had dreamed of. The most striking feature of his treatment of the orchestra is his emancipation of the wood-wind choir. His numerous discoveries in the domain of effects

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consequent on his profound study of instrumental timbre placed colors upon the palettes of every one of his successors. The supernatural voices of his wolf's glen scene are echoed in Verdi as well as in Meyerbeer and Marschner. The fairy footsteps of Oberon's dainty folk are heard not only in Mendelssohn, but in all the compositions since his time in which the amiable creatures of supernaturalism are delineated. The reform, not only in composition, but also in representation achieved by Richard Wagner, is an artistic legacy from Carl Maria von Weber. It is but the interest upon the five talents given into the hands of a faithful servant who buried them not in the ground but traded with them and "made them other five talents."

Philipp Spitta — *Grove's 'Dictionary of Music'*

OF all the German musicians of the nineteenth century none has exercised a greater influence over his own generation and that succeeding it than Weber; indeed there is scarcely a branch of artistic life in which his impulse is not still felt. The historian of German music of the nineteenth century will have to make Weber his starting-point. His influence was even greater than that of Beethoven, for deeply imbued though Beethoven was with the modern spirit, he adhered as a rule to the traditions of the eighteenth century. These Weber cast aside, and started out after fresh ideals. As a natural consequence he was far less perfect in form than Beethoven, nor was he his equal in power; but in originality he has never been surpassed by any musician, ancient or modern. The germs of life he scattered broadcast defy calculation, and the whole of German opera, down to Wagner's latest works, is evolved from Weber's spirit. Even the concert-music of other masters less connected with opera, such as Mendelssohn and Schumann, profited by his suggestiveness. Without Weber, Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music, 'Walpurgis Nacht,' concert overtures, and pianoforte concertos; Schumann's 'Paradise and the Peri,' 'Pilgrimage of the Rose,' and concert ballads; the entire variation music of the present day, choruses for men's voices, certain forms of the German lied, even the modern technique of pianoforte playing, and most of all the present development of orchestration, are inconceivable. And during the last thirty years the Weber-cultus in Germany has been checked by the revived influence of Bach. Though his weakness of form has been hotly condemned by composers of concert and chamber music (thus—for the most part involuntarily—implying a depreciation of his work in general, which is as foolish and short-sighted as it is ungrateful), his genius can afford to deride all such detraction now and forever. He is curiously near of kin to his opponents, even to Brahms. For instance, take Brahms' penchant for the national music of his own and other countries and trace it to its source and you come upon Weber. Again, he is the first of the

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modern typical artists who is a cultivated man of the world as well as a musician. This fact involved a change in the social position of the artist, which change has been erroneously ascribed to Beethoven's personal qualities, though it might just as well be attributed to Spohr. Both were proved men, conscious of their own worth, and capable of asserting it when necessary; but of what great artist and man of honor might not the same be said? It is undeniable that the range of their interests outside music was extremely limited. Spohr was cultivated in the same sense that Mozart was; Beethoven, though he absorbed the ideas of the French Revolution while living on the Rhine, could lay no claim to anything like general culture. Weber's birth gave him at once a status in the best society, and compelled the world to admit that there was nothing derogatory to a man of family in following art as a vocation. His cultivation was indeed of a peculiar nature and most extensive; not acquired from books, but learned by practical experience, and perfectly homogeneous with his music. To this result both education and natural gifts tended. His literary and poetical talent was considerable, and he took a keen and intelligent interest in all mechanical processes and the plastic arts, in which his taste was excellent. Compared to Mendelssohn's his education was a very irregular one, but his wandering life from a child had brought before him a host of varied impressions which his intelligent mind absorbed, and his cool head turned to account. At twenty he had more knowledge of life and men than many an artist of the old school had attained at the time of his death. His cleverness and thorough knowledge of the ways of society were partly natural and partly acquired through intercourse with men of all ranks, from the lowest to the highest. From his time the musician of genius, who was a musician and nothing more, like Franz Schubert, became impossible in Germany. The characteristics which distinguished Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hiller, Wagner, Liszt, and other great musicians, who are fully developed men, from the older type of musician, are precisely those first found in Weber.

C. Hubert H. Parry *'Studies of Great Composers'*

IT was his thoroughly German and romantic spirit which gained Weber his great position in the history of music. It is not through depth of thought, or greatness and nobility of poetical conception, or power of technical ingenuity, or counterpoint, or perfection of form, that he stands so high, but through the natural, spontaneous outbursts of genial and bright thoughts which express almost more than any other man's work the character of the nation to which he belonged.

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J. F. Runciman *'Saturday Review'* 1895

IF you look, and look rightly, for the right thing in Weber's music, disappointment is impossible; though I admit that the man who professes to find there the great qualities he finds in Mozart, Beethoven, or any of the giants, must be in very sad case. Grandeur, pure beauty, and high expressiveness are alike wanting. His music is often uncouth and ponderous, while on its surface lies a superfluous highly colored froth. The basses move with leaden-footed reluctance; the melodies consist largely of ineffective arpeggios on long-drawn chords; the embroidery seems greatly in excess of modest needs. All this may be conceded without affecting Weber's claim to a place amongst the composers; for that claim is supported in a lesser degree by the gifts which he shared, even if his share was small, with the greater masters of music, than by his miraculous power of vividly drawing and painting in music the things that kindled his imagination. Drawing and painting, I say; for whereas the other musicians sang the emotions that they experienced, Weber's music gives you the impression that he depicted the things he saw, that melody and harmony were to him as lines and colors to the painter. He is first and perhaps greatest of all the musicians who have attempted landscape; and that froth of seemingly superfluous color and excess of melodic embroidery, instead of being in excess and superfluous, are the very essence of his music. Being a factor of the romantic movement, that mighty rebellion against the tyranny of a world of foot-rules and ledgers, he lived and worked in a world where two and two might make five or seven or any number you pleased, and where foot-rules were unknown; he took small interest in drama taken out of the lives of ordinary men and enacted amidst every-day surroundings; his imagination lighted up only when he thought of haunted glens and ghouls with evil spirits, the fantastic world and life that goes on underneath the ocean, or of men and women held by ghastly spells. Hence his operas are not so much musical dramas as series of tableaux, gorgeous, glowing, pictures of unheard-of things; in them we must expect to find only the elfish, the fantastic, the wild and weird and grotesquely horrible; and to look for drama, captivating loveliness, and emotional utterance is to look for qualities which Weber did not try to attain, or only in a small measure and not very successfully. And if we consider carefully the remarks of the best critics amongst the later masters, Berlioz and Wagner, we can see that they knew Weber had not attained these high qualities; that what they grew enthusiastic over was his astonishing pictorial gift, shown, first, in the pictures his imagination presented to him, and second, in the way he projected those pictures onto the music paper before him, using the common musician's devices of his day to suggest line, color, space, and atmosphere.

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IF one were to attempt to describe the characteristic quality of Weber's genius in a single word, one would choose the word "theatrical." His music is essentially an adjunct of stage representation, designed to enhance spectacular and dramatic effects, brilliant, highly spiced, effective, and perhaps just a bit tawdry. It is true that he occasionally writes a beautiful melody that needs no accessories to help its impression; but for the most part his music, severed from the scene it is meant to accompany, is a thing of shreds and patches, of striking details but slightly welded together, of single features that in spite of their momentary charm are fragmentary and disjointed. He was, in fact, the initiator of the modern tendency to treat music not as an independent art, but as an element in that composite machinery of representation to which has been given in our own day the name of music-drama. His music is related to "pure music" as wax-works are related to sculpture.

The natural result of this tendency to use music in the interests of characterization rather than of beauty was a remarkable development of the means of gaining single, special effects of a salient and striking character. Weber, in fact, introduced what may be called local color in music. His effort was always toward minute and particular characterization of persons, scenes, events, and places. In this sense he presents an interesting parallel with the modern realists in fiction, the Zolas, Tourgenieffs, and Henry Jameses. To seize and portray, not general human types, but just this man or woman, with all his national peculiarities and personal idiosyncrasies, is the aim of this order of art. The result of it in Weber's operas was a unique trenchancy and brilliance, a photographic minuteness of detail. Epic grandeur, broad power, wide humanity, were sacrificed to a painstaking delineation of special places and people. The actual was sought in preference to the essential,—historic rather than poetic truth. This dramatic method was pregnant, of course, with possibilities, which have been worked out by later artists.

The same attention to detail is observable in Weber's technical methods. Not only is the texture of his music mosaic rather than organic, more fragmentary than fluent, but his orchestration, justly famous, depends on special ingenious devices and schemes of effect, rather than on general sonority and propriety. His use of the wood-wind instruments was especially novel. He realized and exploited the solo possibilities of those four very individual instruments, the flute, the clarinet, the oboe, and the bassoon. A melody from the overture to 'Der Freischütz' is the classical example, in the text-books of orchestration, of what can be done with the clarinet. By a simple disposition of a few instruments, too, he knew how to produce most piquant masses of tonal color. In the accompaniment to the second stanza of Adolar's air, given below, he makes a wonderfully rich, mellow sound with two bassoons and the violoncellos—nothing more. The ghostly "Largo" in the 'Euryanthe' Overture is

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scored for muted violins divided up into four parts—one of the earliest examples of a device which later became a favorite with Wagner.

It is, then, by his faculty for characterization and by his sense for brilliant, subtle, and odd effects of color, that Weber is great. The actual texture of his work, its melodic and harmonic structure, is prevailingly thin, threadbare, and conventional. But its suggestiveness, its dramatic force, and its luxuriance for sense are often sufficient to make us forget its shortcomings until, hearing some genuinely noble music, we rub our eyes and take a deep breath, as we do in emerging from a garishly lighted theater into the wide air of day.—THE EDITOR

THE WORKS OF WEBER

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

I. Aria, "How Could I Fain Have Slumbered" From 'Der Freischütz'

AGATHA'S "great air," as it is often called, in the second act of 'Der Freischütz,' is a characteristic example of Weber's ability to delineate moods vividly and in striking contrast. Beginning with Agatha's tranquil, half-religious meditations in the absence of her lover, it ends with a frenzy of joy at his coming. After a short introductory recitative, the quiet air begins at the bottom of the first page. It is a graceful, well-balanced melody, such as Weber knew how to write when it served his purpose. The singer should be careful to give the half-note in the cadence into B-major, at the top of page 18, its full value. To hurry it is quite to lose the serenity of the whole stanza. The descending scale, in sixteenth-notes, just before the final cadence, demands careful phrasing, and when properly rendered is most delicate and charming. Another passage of recitative ushers in a second stanza, quite like the first. With the change of tempo to Andante enters a descriptive, pictorial passage, in which the murmuring of the pines is represented by a passage in sixteenth-notes in the accompaniment. If the player finds it impossible to play the running parts with sufficient legato while holding the whole-notes, these may be shortened to half-notes. The vital matter is to preserve the legato very soft and smooth. The pedal will help. A sound of horns now introduces the agitato passage, extending for two pages, in which Agatha discerns her lover's approach. It is an example of what has been said of the fragmentariness of Weber's writing, and for all its agitation is exceedingly trite, ordinary, and lame. At the third system of page 22, however, enters a true Weber melody, sinuous and impulsive. From here to the end all goes trippingly, with many opportunities for the singer to show skill in phrasing, vocalization, and expression.

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II. Overture to 'Euryanthe'

ALTHOUGH written in sonata-form, this overture is made up largely of themes taken from the body of the opera, a proceeding very frequent in opera overtures. It begins with a fiery theme in E-flat major, *allegro marcato, con molto fuoco*, given out by the whole orchestra. This is followed, after eight measures, with a pompous march-like theme on the wind instruments, taken from a phrase of Adolar's in the fourth number of Act I., "My heart trusts Heaven to guard my Euryanthe." Some rather meaningless passage-work follows (pages 26 and 27), in which Weber's fragmentary style and superficial cast of melody are strikingly revealed; but at the bottom of page 27 appears, in B-flat major, the dominant key, a lovely melody sung by the first violins, over sustained chords in the rest of the strings. This delightfully fluent and expressive air, by far the best thing, musically, in the overture, is taken from Adolar's "Oh joy that I can scarce contain," in the twelfth number of the second act. It should be played with a clinging touch, and care must be taken with the phrasing in the seventh measure, and in the half-cadence in the eighth and ninth measures. In the repetition of the melody, at the top of page 28, the flowing accompaniment in the left hand should be kept soft and subordinate. The conclusion theme, marked III., is a characteristic series of brilliant flourishes by the first violins on a harmonic basis see-sawing from tonic to dominant. The fortissimo thus reached gradually dies away in a strange, threatening pulsation, on B-flat in the bass, in a dotted rhythm. Several single measures of this curious pulsating effect, interspersed among soft chords, lead to total silence. Then comes one of the most notable features of the piece, a short largo passage, made up of mysterious shifting harmonies, played by muted violins, and strongly Wagnerian in flavor. They were intended to suggest the weird and supernatural aspect of the story, connected with Euryanthe's description of how the ghost of Emma, sister of Adolar, appeared to her in the sepulcher and told the sad story of her love and suicide. The music is used both in the sixth number of Act I., when Euryanthe tells Eglantine the story, and in the twenty-third number of Act III., when Eglantine, mad with remorse, has a vision of the ghost. It is very eerie and impressive. It must be played pianissimo, and with an extreme legato.

With the fugal passage on page 30, founded on an inversion of the march-like theme at the beginning of the overture, begins the "free fantasia." As might be expected, it is neither very coherent nor very well carried out from a musical point of view, but it is not without ingenuity and effectiveness. The triplets in sixths (page 30, the third system, the third measure) will give the player some trouble unless he keeps a loose wrist and accents strongly the first note of the second set of triplets in each group. The whole should be light, airy, and exceedingly staccato, while the left hand plays more heavily and firmly.

With the original tempo, page 32, begins the reprise, which is perfectly

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regular. The second and conclusion themes are given out fortissimo, in the tonic key, and the overture ends brilliantly.

The 'Euryanthe' Overture is one of the most popular pieces in the repertory of all large orchestras, and though its glitter is but tinsel in comparison with the solid gold of the great overtures of Beethoven, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, it is exciting and inspiriting enough to hold its reputation for a good while yet to come.

III. Romance, "'Neath the Almond Blossom Waving" From 'Euryanthe'

IN the first act of 'Euryanthe,' before an assembly of knights and ladies welcoming the king on his return from battle, Adolar sings, to the accompaniment of his lyre, this graceful song. With its simple melody, the refrain of which is most captivating, and its clear stanza-form, it is an example of the more purely lyrical side of Weber's music. Particularly noteworthy are the charm of the refrain to the words "She the purest, sweetest, dearest," and of the unexpected modulation into D-major which immediately follows it. In the second system on page 86 occurs the sonorous passage for two bassoons and the 'cellos already mentioned. On the piano, too, it is mellow and clear, if played with a strong but quiet pressure-touch. The undulating accompaniment of the third stanza, on page 87, should be played evenly, and with a liberal though judicious pedal. The singer will do well to avoid throughout too great an effort to be "expressive," contenting himself instead with a clear tone and clean phrasing.

IV. 'Invitation to the Dance'

OF Weber's most universally popular piano piece, the 'Invitation to the Dance,' Mr. H. E. Krehbiel writes as follows in his acute article in 'Famous Composers and Their Works': "The value of this exquisite little dramatic poem in tones we are inclined to place very high. The world has learned, however, that merit lies in contents and felicity of expression rather than pretension and dimension, and in view of the subsequent idealization of the dance by Chopin and his followers, we incline to the belief that what once may have been regarded as a trifle really outweighs in importance the bulk of Weber's pianoforte pieces whose formal titles give them dignity. The professor and the amateur are one in their admiration for this delightful composition, and there is no one so unlearned in music that he may not arrive at the composer's purpose from a simple hearing, so he bring love and a bit of fancy into the concert-room. How many pretty pictures of brilliant ballrooms and loving couples has not this music conjured up in the minds of imaginative people! Even old Dr. Brown, whose 'Rab and His Friends' will ever keep him dear to Anglo-Saxon hearts, felt the intoxication of these strains a quarter-century ago, and put on

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record in *The Scotsman* one of the most eloquent critical rhapsodies extant. He pictures the ballroom, the lovers, the meeting in a shadowy recess, where she (the interested maiden) has been left by her mother. He (a Lochinvar, of course) is bending down and asking her to tread a measure. She—but we must let Brown go on in his own way—'She looks still more down, flushes doubtless, and quietly in the shadow says "No" and means "Yes"—says "Yes" and fully means it, and they are off! All this small, whispered love-making and dainty device, this coaxing and being coaxed, is in the (all too short for us, but not for them) prelude to the waltz, the real business of the piece and evening. And then such a waltz for waltzing! Such precision and decision! Whisking them round, molding them into twin orbs, hurrying them past and away from everything and everybody but themselves.' And so old Brown goes on until you are almost dizzy with reading and entirely ready to vote that this rhapsody is only a little less delicious than Weber's music."

Weber begins with the "invitation," a wooing and most seductive passage, of about one page in length, made up of preliminary fragments of melody. The secret of properly playing this lies in the phrasing,—in the binding together and rounding off of those little groups of tones that appear now in the bass, now in the middle voices, and now in the treble. One might practice an hour on the first five measures of the piece without exhausting the possibilities of the ingratiating, 'cello-like melody. Again, the passage in the third, fourth, and fifth systems of page 39, where one hand echoes the other, affords an opportunity for the most delicate discriminations of touch, each hand taking alternately a singing melody and a mere accompaniment of reiterated chords.

The dance itself, impetuous, brilliant, highly rhythmic, begins with the *allegro vivace* on page 40. Here is a fine effect of contrast. The first two measures are incisive, staccato, and end with a rest in which there must be a however brief moment of complete silence. The next two measures present a more gracious, flowing melody. Measures 5 and 6 repeat 1 and 2, and 7 and 8 repeat 3 and 4. A softer passage, marked *molto dolce*, in which the pedal has a large part to play, leads into the pearly, sparkling scale-passage at the bottom of the page. After a return of the main theme of the dance a genuine waltz-movement comes in at the bottom of page 41. The player will see that although the notes given to the little finger of the right hand are but quarter-notes followed by rests, they really constitute the main melody, and will bring them out accordingly. Short as they are, they must sound out clearly above everything else. At the third system of page 42, however, the left hand puts in its claim. It and the right hand sing alternately four measures apiece; the player may imagine he is impersonating first a 'cello and then a violin. Some rather pyrotechnical effects, marked *vivace* (page 43), lead over to a return, at the top of page 45, of the graceful theme already familiar but now played pianissimo and "lusingando" (an Italian word meaning "coaxingly" or "caressingly"), in the key of C-major. The original theme soon returns, and

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after a whirling climax a few measures of the seductive phrases of the introduction bring the whole to a quiet close. Difficult as this piece is, it amply repays practice.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF WEBER

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. Operas. 'Silvana,' 1810; 'Abu Hassan,' 1811; 'Der Freischütz,' 1820; 'Die Drei Pintos' (unfinished), 1821; 'Euryanthe,' 1823; 'Oberon,' 1826. Many smaller dramatic works, of which the music to 'Preciosa' alone demands special notice. Eight cantatas. SACRED. Two masses.

II. VOCAL. Ninety songs, ballads, and romances, for one or two voices, with accompaniment of piano or guitar. Many are arrangements of German folk-songs. Many part-songs for men's voices and for mixed voices.

III. ORCHESTRAL. Two symphonies, and various smaller works.

IV. CONCERTOS. Two piano concertos, in C and in E-flat. Concertstück for piano. Two concertos and a concertino for clarinet. Also concertos for horn, bassoon, and other instruments.

V. CHAMBER-MUSIC. Six sonatas for violin and piano. Variations for clarinet and piano.

VI. PIANO WORKS. Four sonatas. Seven sets of variations. 'Invitation to the Dance.' Momento capriccioso, Grande Polonaise, Polacca brilliante, Rondo brilliante. Also waltzes, ecossaises, and other small pieces.

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I. ARIA, "HOW COULD I FAIN HAVE SLUMBERED"

FROM 'DER FREISCHÜTZ'

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Rise, my soul, where stars swing slow - ly! Ech - oes wak-ing, tak - - - ing
pp
pin - ions, Waft my pray'r to heav'n's do - min - - - ions!
Recit.
Oh, how bright the stars are spark - ling! How like gems they stud the skies! Yet a -
bove yon moun - tains dark - ling, Seems a thun - der - storm to
rise; There too, be - yond the for - est vast, Black and heav - y clouds fly
pp

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Adagio.
past. Lo! be - fore thee I a - dore thee! Lord of
pp
mer-cy I im - plore thee! An - - gels send us to de - fend us,
Andante. (♩=76.)
From the threat of ill tre - men - - dous!
All the world is sleep-ing now; Why, dear friend, de-lay - est
thou? Tho' I strain my lis - - t'ning ear Murm'ring
ten.

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pines a - bove I hear, And the birch - leaves thro' the
night. Whisp'ring soft - - ly in the thick - et, While the
Recit.
night - in gale and cricket In the si - lence take de-light.
a tempo
Recit.
But hold! Do my ears hear fair?
a tempo.
Recit.
accel.
A step is nearing!
Agitato
Forth from the pines ap-pear-ing Comes some one there! 'Tis he, 'tis he! The
f
mf

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ban-ner of love un-folds! Thy maid--en doth wait, tho'the
night be late! Not yet he my sign beholds.
Recit.
cresc. e string.
Heavens! if the light cheat not my sight, A wreath of flow'rs adorns his hat! 'Tis
sure! his was the shot that won the prize! What prom--ise for the
morn is that! Oh whole-some courage; now new hopes a--

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Vivace con fuoco. (♩ = 200.)
rise!
p
cresc. assai
f
ff
Wild - ly my heart is
ff
swelling, And my puls - es throb with passion's storm; Sweet - ly
p
draws me now his form, sweet - ly draws me
now his no - - - ble form!

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Is this not all hope excelling,
Is this not all hope excelling, is this not all hope ex-
celling? For-tune surely comes again to the
worthiest of men: And to-morrow brings salvation, and to-
morrow brings salvation! No illusion,

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no de - ceit?
Heav'n, re - ceive my soul's ob - la - - tion' for this pledge of hope so sweet,
Heav'n re - - ceive my soul's ob - la - - tion for this
pledge of hope so sweet. Wild-ly my heart is swelling, and my
puls-es throb with passion's storm, Wild-ly my heart is swelling and my

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a piacere, ma con tutta la forza
a tempo.
puls- es throb with passion's storm, Wild - - ly my heart is swell - ing
a tempo.
colla parte
p
with pas - sion's storm. All my puls - .. es
poco a poco cresc.
throb with pas - sion's storm, All my puls - - - es
mf
throb with pas - sion's storm, throb with pas - - sion's
f
ff
storm!

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II. OVERTURE TO 'EURYANTHE'

Allegro marcato, con molto fuoco ♩ = 92.

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III. ROMANCE, "'NEATH THE ALMOND BLOSSOM WAVING"

FROM 'EURYANTHE'

Andante con moto. ♩ = 72.
Andante con moto. ♩ = 72.
'Neath the al - mond blossom
p
wav - ing, by the Loi - re's flowing stream, Where my lov'd one first did charm me, There of
her I fond-ly dream.
She, the pur - est,
sweet-est, dear - est! Chaste as snow, a rose most
ten.
ten.

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rare, 'Neath the al - mond blossom wav - ing She ap - pears in vis - ion fair, she ap -
pears in vis - ion fair.
When the gold - en stars were
dolce
ten.
ten.
dolce
shi - ning On the Loi - re's fer - tile shore, Flash'd to Heav'n her ra - diant glan - ces Pledging
love for ev - er - more.
Joy - - - ful,
hope - ful, fond and faith - ful Eye to eye spoke love to
ten.
ten.

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love, 'Neath the stars for-ev-er shin - ing Hearts were knit by Heav'n a - bove, hearts were
knit by Heav'n a - bove.
f
Love-ly rose, of faith the
mf legato assai
to - ken On the Loi - - - re's ver-dant strand, E'en when
storm and wave are rag - - - - ing, Thou the pledge of spring shalt
stand.
Fond - - - - - est,

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pur - est, sweet - est, dear - est!
ten.
ten.
I am thine, and thou mine
own! Love - ly rose, of faith the to - ken, Grace my
dar - - - ling's breast a - lone, grace my dar - ling's breast a - - -
ff
lone, grace my dar - - - ling's breast a - lone!
ff
p
rit ard. - - -

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IV. 'INVITATION TO THE DANCE'

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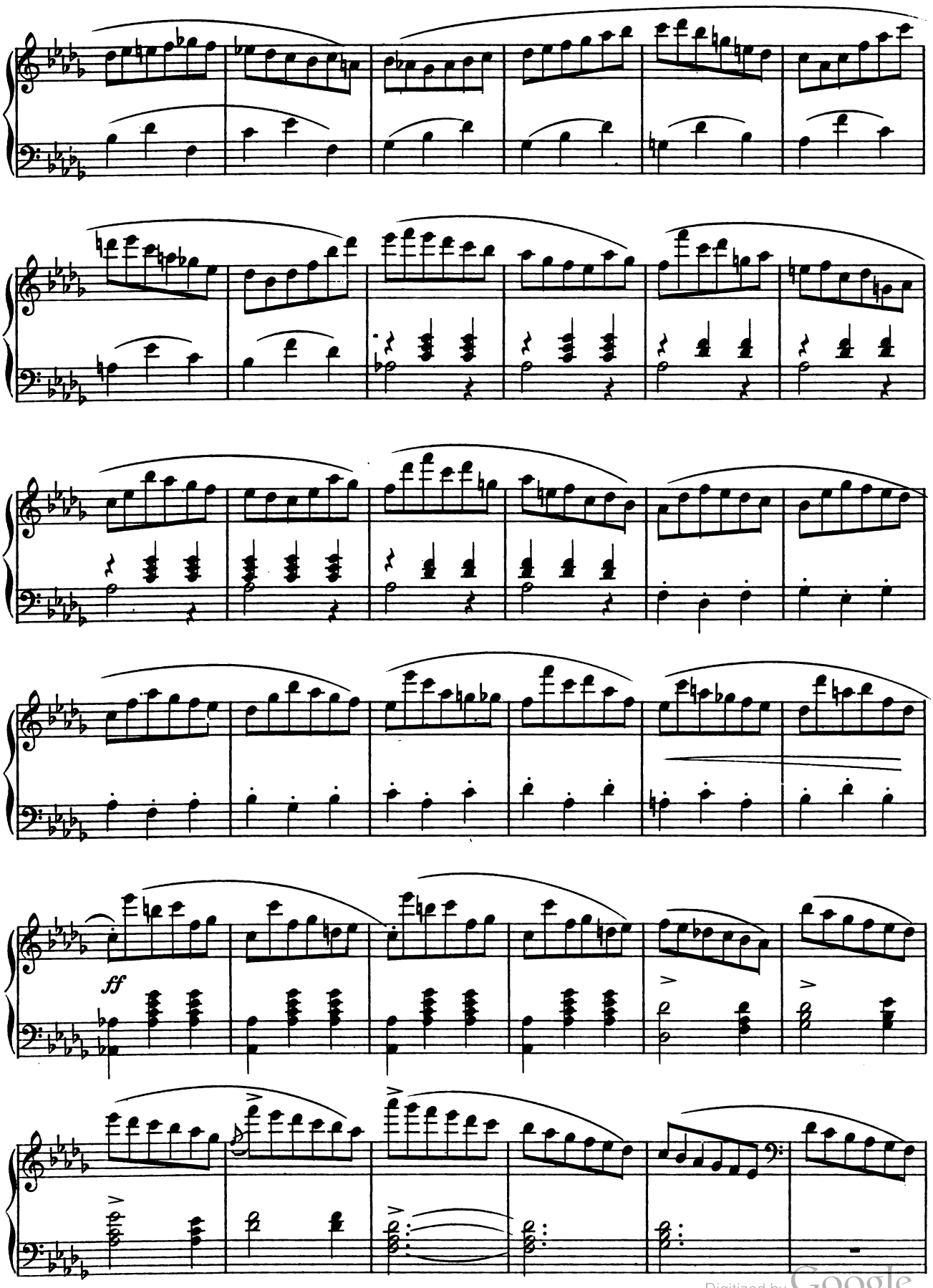

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

FRANZ

BORN 1815: DIED 1892

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ROBERT FRANZ

Franz was a rather large man, with a broad face, square chin, firm mouth, and somewhat receding forehead. In his later years his hair became iron-gray and rather thin. His expression was at once genial and full of dignity, and his smile is said to have been very cordial.

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ROBERT

FRANZ

BORN 1815: DIED 1892

THE life and character of Robert Franz show us a rare development of the artistic nature. The mystic and the man of action are not unusual among musicians. Dreamers, rapt enthusiasts, patriots, and even men with rare business and managerial talent have been great artists as well; but except Franz, there has been none so distinctly the scholar, the careful and loving student, whose appreciation of the beautiful in his art was so keen and discriminating that he was willing not only to confine his own activity to one small branch of it, where his achievements could approach his ideal, but also to devote many of his active years to what he considered the necessary filling out of the work of men greater than himself. In his enthusiastic devotion he was willing to sink his own individuality—though he did not in the least underrate his genius and ability—and lose, so far as he could, his distinctive characteristics in a reverential effort to complete the unfinished scores of the great masters Bach and Handel, and to introduce them acceptably to modern audiences. It was not a labor likely to render him popular; few people understood what he was doing, and fewer still were in sympathy with his work. His life, even more than the lives of most artists, was one of unselfish devotion to his ideals.

The family from which he sprang is said to have been of Celtic origin, descendants of a tribe called the "Halloren," who were the first workers of the salt-mines of Halle, and managed to preserve their identity apart from the Teutons, marrying among themselves, and keeping up their tribal customs, in distinction from those of the Germans about them, for centuries. The family name was originally "Knauth." In a letter to a friend, Robert Franz gives a rather amusing explanation of the change of surname in his branch of the family. It seems that his father had a brother in the same line of business as himself, but in a rival shop. To avoid the inconvenience and confusion caused by the identity of names, the neighbors gave one brother the nickname "Franz"—a distinction so serviceable that his real name was gradually dropped and the nickname allowed to serve in its stead.

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Robert Franz was born in Halle, Saxony, June 28, 1815. His parents were plain, simple people, with no great interest or sympathy in their son's artistic genius, which, indeed, developed under most discouraging auspices. At school he was repeatedly and severely punished for adding a second to the melodies the children sang, and he was fourteen years old before his father was willing to give him a piano on which to practice under the instruction of such teachers as the town afforded. But his heart was so bent on the art that he was able to turn even his small opportunities to great account. It was his delight to listen to the chorals sung in the churches, and by the family about the hearth on Sunday evenings. As he gained proficiency on his piano he used to go about from church to church, on Sunday mornings, listening to his favorite chorals and begging a chance to play the organ. In this way he became familiar with the works of Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Handel, and laid the foundation of the unerring taste and profound scholarship in classical music which distinguished his later life.

When he was twenty years old, at his mother's solicitation his father allowed him to go to Dresden to study counterpoint and composition under Friedrich Schneider. Here he spent two years hard at work. The years following his return to Halle must have been difficult indeed to his sensitive but resolute temper. He could get no remunerative employment in music, and he would devote his life to nothing else. So for six years he read and studied and composed (and then, dissatisfied, destroyed all he had written), keeping up through it all his general studies in philosophy and literature; until at last, inspired by the loss of a girl whom he had grown to love, he composed a volume of songs the beauty and delicate perfection of which forced the recognition of all the musicians who heard them. His account of their appearance is given in a letter to his friend Weicke, dated July 18, 1843. He writes: "Within the last six months I have become a composer. How it happened I do not know. This much is certain: nearly every day has brought forth a new song. You can imagine what a blessing that may prove. Now my neighbors put it into my head that these songs were good. I was disinclined to believe this, and therefore sent a number of them for inspection to Schumann. He not only made me still more puffed up by his approval, but he gave them without my knowledge or desire to a publisher, and they have been printed. Just think of it! 'Lieder by Robert Franz,' etc. Were I to tell you all the flattering and gratifying experiences I have had in reference to my productions it would smack much of vanity. One thing, however, I cannot suppress in my joy: Mendelssohn has written me a long letter and told me some things which surely are seldom said to any one. He is full of amiability . . . I send you a copy of my songs and expect a detailed, sound, critique; tell me the truth bluntly; it will do no harm, and I shall be more grateful than if you write me flatteries *honoris causa*."

These songs not only won Franz the respect and admiration of his fellow artists who were able to appreciate the high standard he had set himself

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as well as the rare charm of his work, but also through the praise Robert Schumann gave them in his periodical, the 'Neue Zeitschrift für Musik,' and through Mendelssohn's authoritative commendation, even his fellow townspeople were roused to some realization of the genius hidden among them. He was offered a position as organist in one of the churches of Halle, and made a teacher of music at the University. His income was now sufficient to allow him to marry; and having recovered from whatever wounds his early love had dealt him, he was so fortunate as to choose for a wife Marie Hinrichs, a musician and song-composer of no mean ability, who proved a devoted and congenial companion to him throughout her life.

Unhappily, very shortly after his marriage, which took place in 1848, Franz began to suffer from deafness, aggravated by an accident, and complicated with nervous symptoms of an alarming nature. He struggled along for several years—teaching, playing, writing songs and putting them aside to ripen and to undergo the scrutiny of his maturer years before publication—until at last, in 1868, his infirmities so increased that he was obliged to give up work and resign from his positions. His situation was critical in the extreme. His songs were not sufficiently popular to bring him an appreciable income, and starvation for himself and his little family stared him in the face. At this juncture his good friends and admirers all over the world came to his rescue. By the efforts of Liszt, Joachim, Frau Magnus, and others, concerts were given for his benefit all over Europe and here in America, where his friend Otto Dresel did much to help him and arouse an appreciation of his music. Altogether about $22,000 was raised, and on the income from this sum Franz and his wife and children were able to live comfortably.

Franz continued to compose songs at intervals for a number of years, working in his characteristic way—writing, correcting, and polishing them, until, as he himself said, a critical consideration of his development in his work was impossible. "My opus 1, I consider no better and no worse than my opus 52. Among all the collections there are only three (opus 23, 27, and 33) which were published soon after they were written. In all the others old and new songs were mixed up." The latter years of his life were given almost entirely to the composition of what he called "additional accompaniments" to the works of Bach and Handel.

To understand just what work Franz did in this field it is necessary to consider the condition in which these masters left their manuscripts. It was their habit to write out only the melody and a "figured bass" indicating the general harmony, leaving the other parts to be filled in at the moment of performance. Bach perhaps did this because, composing as he did solely to gratify his love of art, and to provide himself with music for the services of the chapel where he was organist, he felt that there was no necessity to write out the harmonies which were so inevitable to his mind; as for Handel, he wrote in such tremendous haste, and so simply for the exigency of the moment, that his method was doubtless merely a labor-

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saving device. But whatever the reasons for their neglect may have been, their scores were left in a condition to cause endless embarrassment and regret to their students and admirers. The question of how they could best be presented to modern audiences—whether in their mutilated condition, or with the missing parts left to the inspiration of performers or casual composers, or, as Franz believed, with the missing parts filled in by artists willing to sink all desire for individual glory in a reverential effort to supplement the work of the great masters—was a puzzling question.

Franz's attitude in regard to this question can perhaps be best understood by reference to his letters. In 1892 he wrote to Mr. Apthorp of Boston: "As I know you from your letters as an optimist incarnate, who believes in a beautiful future, I will only remark that our art has been, in its noblest results and for divers centuries, its own object, and that it may at last be high time to take in hand the education of human kind, its higher mission. Trash will, of course, be excluded thereby, and what is genuine will come into its rights." And shortly before his death, in another letter to the same correspondent in response to a request that he write additional accompaniments to Bach's B-minor Mass, which Mr. Apthorp had forwarded from the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, he said: "Honorable to me as the task you propose is, I unfortunately cannot accept it. To jot down note heads with painfully cramped fingers is in itself one of the things at the very thought of which my hair stands on end; when to this is added a wholly destroyed head, which makes precise thinking impossible, then it would be sheer presumption to undertake a labor that demands the whole man. For the amplifications to the B-minor Mass, it is not merely a question of restoring a congruous style, but what means far more, of a faithful and devoted absorption in the poetic essence of the composition; a mere working out of the figured bass according to the rules of the craft fails utterly to hit the mark." Franz devoted most of his later years, after his deafness and paralysis had made original composition difficult and fatiguing to him, to this labor of love. It seems probable that the babel of dissent and adverse criticism which the work called forth from pedants and literalists will eventually fade away, to be succeeded by universal appreciation for the fine self-suppression and delicate instinct with which Franz conducted his task.

Mr. H. T. Finck, in an article in the 'Century Magazine,' gives a most interesting account of Franz as he appeared little more than a year before his death. He was living alone in apartments in one of the main streets of Halle, his wife, to whom he had been devoted, having died about three months before the date of Mr. and Mrs. Finck's visit, July, 1891. He was unable to grasp his visitor's hand, as both his own hands, with the exception of the first two fingers, were paralyzed; and his total deafness made it impossible to communicate with him except by writing on two slates which lay on the piano. He was, nevertheless, cordial and animated, talking of his friends in America and England, of Germany's neglect of him, of his work on the Bach and Handel scores, and of his wife and her songs.

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"It was most pathetic," writes Mr. Finck, "to see the deaf old master, shut out from the tone-world he had helped to create, dwelling for fifteen minutes on the songs of his wife—of his own he seemed to have no thought—with tears repeatedly rolling down his cheeks. 'Her picture is in the other room—did you see it? No? Then I must get it.' Placing it in my wife's hands he exclaimed, 'There, take a good look at that! Such a face you will never see again!'" He was very regular in his habits, Mr. Finck learned from the maid, walking generally all the afternoon in spite of his age and infirmities. He had long ceased to compose, but still sometimes touched the piano with the few fingers the use of which remained to him. He liked to receive visitors, but few ever came.

Thus Franz passed his last years in the quiet obscurity in which he had always lived; and died on October 24, 1892, at the age of seventy-eight.

THE ART OF FRANZ

W. F. Apthorp — *'Musicians and Music-lovers'*

FRANZ was distinctly a creative genius; and, like all true geniuses, as distinguished from men of mere talent, he was a man of progress. He carried the German *Lied* to its highest known pitch of perfection. Uniting the purely lyric element one finds in such splendor in Schubert with the wondrously subtile and mobile expressiveness of every varying shade of emotion that characterized Schumann, fusing these two elements so that their union was absolutely—one might say, by a not too daring figure, "chemically"—complete, Franz gave the finishing master-touch to the plastic form of the *Lied.* Franz's songs are as truly lyrics, in the most exact sense of the word, as Schubert's; at the same time, they are to the full as emotionally expressive, as picturesquely and poetically suggestive, as vivid pieces of tone-painting, as Schumann's. And more than this, he has given them the most stoutly organized, pure, and concise form known in song-writing. Of what Schubert and Schumann did before him Franz brought the natural and logical completion; he crowned the edifice.

In thus comparing Franz with Schubert and Schumann as a song-writer, I have intentionally left his own personal individuality out of consideration; I have spoken only of his continuing and completing their work in establishing and perfecting the form of the German *Lied.* But, apart from this, his own genius had the finest, the most unique aroma; it was as individual as that of any man who ever wrote. Indeed, after looking through all modern art, one finds Franz to stand utterly alone and companionless in one high respect; to find a parallel to the spirit that breathes through his songs, one must go back to the old Elizabethan love poetry;

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nothing else in our own day has their own peculiar aroma. Franz's songs have just that unforced felicity of cadence and expression, that wholesome out-of-door freshness, that refinement without priggishness, warmth without feverishness, above all that native reverence for purity and beauty, that we find in the English love poems of Elizabeth's day. No lover can be too passionate to sing them, no maid too pure to hear them.

H. T. Finck *'Songs and Song-writers'*

IF there were no flowing melody at all in the Franz songs—which is very far from being the case—they would still be among the most melodious of all *Lieder* because the piano part is all melody. It is nearly always polyphonic; that is, it is *melodious in every part*—in the bass and the middle parts as well as in the treble. Such melodic miniature-work can be found only in the scores of Bach and Wagner; and it is largely owing to this fact that, as Schumann wrote, we never cease to discover exquisite details in these songs. One might say that Franz was a polyphonic Schubert—what Schubert might have been had he known the works of Bach and studied them with the same devotion as Franz did. Franz spent many of the best years of his life writing what are called "additional accompaniments" to Bach and Handel scores, and thus his mind became thoroughly saturated with their styles, so that there is hardly one of his songs which does not show what company he had kept.

It may be said that the soil out of which Bach's best music grew was the stately German church choral, and this, too, exerted a great influence on Franz's art. The first enduring musical impression made on his mind was at the age of three, when he heard Luther's choral 'A Fortress Strong is Our Lord' blown on trombones from the top of a church tower, as was the delightful custom in those days on festive occasions or at funerals. Chorals were also regularly sung at his home in the evening, and he heard them and played them in church until they became part of the very tissue of his mind. To this wholesome tonic influence we owe many of the finest harmonies in his piano parts, and such superbly emotional songs as 'Dedication' and 'Request.'

The peculiarity of Franz lies in this, that, while he absorbed Bach's romanticism more than any one else, he was in other respects one of the most modern of moderns. Songs like 'In May,' 'The Snow is Melted,' 'Restless Love,' and 'Drifting of the Sea' show how carefully he had studied the pianistic idiom of Chopin—a point which previous writers have not sufficiently emphasized. Chopin taught him the use of "scattered" or broken chords, the tones of which can only be united with the aid of the pedal, the result being ravishing new harmonies and tone-colors. Schubert would have been intensely interested in these new harmonies. The euphony of *his* piano parts is much enhanced by the use of the modern tone-sustaining pedal; but in Franz's songs the pedal is as absolute a necessity as in Chopin's music. Yet what Chopin taught him

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was merely the way of doing it. He did not copy his music, for his own imagination was inexhaustible in the discovery of new ways of distributing chords. To musicians this constitutes one of the supreme charms of his art.

There is another harmonic feature which would have interested and thrilled even Schubert—his modulations. Franz knew very well that "as a rule modulation determines the emotional development much more than the melody does"; for these are his own words, written in a letter to Liszt. Like Wagner, Franz always had an emotional reason for his modulations, and did not seek them for mere effect—as so many present-day song-writers do, merely to make their accompaniments piquant. The same is true of the other factors of his art. As Liszt has pointed out, "the choice of the key, of the measure, of the rhythm, the figure of accompaniment, the conduct of the voices on the monophonic or polyphonic side, never appear accidental or arbitrary," but grow out of the structure and the mood of the poem.

While Franz was preëminently modern in his use of modulations, as well as in his idiomatic piano style and his declamatory treatment of the vocal part, there are some other modern aspects of music in which he diverged from his contemporaries. Though he lived in an age of dramatic music, the dramatic style had no allurements for him. He not only declared that the opera is "a lie," but in his own field he had no use for such a thing as a dramatic ballad. His songs, as we should expect under such circumstances, are usually short and strophic, few of them being through-composed in the dramatic manner. In other words, instead of writing new music for each stanza of a poem, he prefers to repeat the same music, introducing, however, slight changes in melody or harmony where an emotional modulation in the poem calls for them, and these changes are often of striking beauty. Like Chopin he is particularly fond of introducing dainty *nuances* in the final bars of a piece, and many of his postludes are of ravishing effect. To Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, and Franz belongs the honor of having abolished the monotonous, stereotyped manner of ending compositions which the German "classical" school had imported from Italy.

Tone-painting is another modern trait with which Franz had little sympathy. In 'Oh, were I but a little Bee' the accompaniment has an almost buzzing character, and there are a few other instances of realism; but as a rule Franz does not try to suggest visible things, but to paint moods, as Beethoven said he did in the 'Pastoral Symphony.'

IN examining Franz's songs, one is first of all impressed by the reticence, dignity, and purity of their style. They are true lyrics—expressions of personal feeling in simple, well-balanced, musical forms, undisfigured by dramatic episodes, obtrusive climaxes, or any of those other devices of less fastidious song-writers which are as abhorrent to true artistic feeling as they are grateful to the egotism of singers and the sentimentality of listeners.

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This is a point that deserves emphasis. The modern musical public has been fed on highly flavored food for so long that it can hardly appreciate the incomparable beauty of simple lyrical writing like Franz's. It has grown to desire a type of eloquence that is vociferous rather than persuasive, a musical charm more dependent on profusion of ornament and complexity of effect than on beauty of line, shapeliness, harmony, and chastity of style. "Few singers," says Mr. Apthorp, in the introduction to his collection of Franz's songs, in the 'Musicians' Library,' "can forego that dramatic strenuousness of emphasis with which they have reaped such rich harvests in other fields, and express feeling as simply as Franz has done in his melodies;" and he quotes in illustration of his meaning a most penetrative comment made by a friend on a rendering of Brahms's 'Ernste Lieder': "If they had not been sung with such tremendous expression, there would not have been a dry eye in the house." The characteristic sin of modern art is probably this,—the exaggeration of effects, the straining after poignancy of expression, the preference of ornateness and profusion to shapeliness and restraint. In architecture the tendency of the day is toward stucco, plaster, and all forms of ornament that obscure and confuse shape; in sculpture it is away from Greek serenity and towards German symbolism and turgidity; in poetry we too often prefer rhetoric to the ingenuous utterance of feeling; and in music we demand, not harmony, not beauty, not primal emotion embodied in lovely forms, but color, passion, pictorial representation, a feverish and artificial intensity that distorts and disintegrates the tonal fabric it should fuse and weld.

Franz's work is the product of an artistic attitude quite polar to this modern one. He cared primarily, not for luxuriance of decoration, but for structural symmetry and harmony; not for an emotionality bordering on hysteria, but for the calm expression of sincere, simple feeling; not for utter self-revelation, but for a dignified presentation of what was artistically worth presentation, against a background of reticence and reserve. His songs, therefore, often seem tame to us until, growing familiar with their idiom, we come to feel their fineness, their distinction, their controlled and tempered eloquence. Once the spell is upon us, we find a rare delight in their qualities. Their classical moderation, their aristocratic distinction, their consummate but unobtrusive art, their eloquence never degenerating into hysteria, their ornament never degenerating into ornamentation, at once soothe, interest, and charm us.

This fineness of artistic feeling reveals itself not only in Franz's treatment of melody, which is with him always clear in phraseology, well-balanced, and musically beautiful as well as expressive of the mood defined by the words, but also in his part-writing, which is careful and often ingenious, but never over-elaborated, and in his harmony. He was enough a modern to appreciate and utilize the expressive powers of harmony, but he seldom let his interest in harmonic effects run away with him. His general harmonic texture is strong, adequate, and unobtrusive. When he uses special harmonic devices it is only to emphasize a trait of expression or to create an appropriate atmosphere. At the word "grave," for exam-

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ple, in the line "With thy grave and dreamy sweetness," in the song called 'Request,' there is an unexpected "flat sixth," as musicians would name it, which much enhances the meaning of the words. Again, in the song called 'In Autumn,' there is a cadence at the words "Alas, alas," which by its strangeness and somber color greatly deepens the mournfulness of the effect. Such momentary ingenuities, frequent as they are with Franz, seldom degenerate into childish realism, although it cannot be denied that the crude delineation of lightning and thunder in the 'Stormy Night' is rather disappointing in one whose artistic sense is generally so keen. For the most part, however, his special touches of effect are governed by a rare instinct for propriety. And wherever the harmonic treatment confines itself to a general suggestion of the fitting mood or atmosphere, as it does for instance in such masterpieces of somber color as 'A Churchyard' and 'The Runic Rock,' it is wholly admirable.

In simplicity and graciousness of melody, in musicianly part-writing, and in legitimately expressive harmony, then, Franz is preëminent. To study these aspects of his work is not only to gain a unique artistic pleasure, but to find a valuable corrective for the faults of the musical epoch we live in. And yet, it must now be insisted, in the final effect of his songs, something, and something very vital, is wanting. Despite their distinction, their amenity, their grace, there is about them a thinness, a preciseness, an antique frigidity and formality, that we rightly deplore. They are wanting in fervor, in impetus, in conviction. They hesitate with well-bred deliberation after each phrase, they gather no momentum, they rise to no heights of passion or exaltation. To play over the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Grieg, or Brahms is to put ourselves thoroughly out of conceit with Franz's. The latter lack the dramatic power of Schubert, the ardor and impetuosity of Schumann, the grace and geniality of Grieg, the manliness and broad nobility of Brahms. They lack, in a word, the impassioned directness and force of the greatest art. Truly great Franz is not, either in largeness of conception or in amplitude of execution. His ideas are little ideas, however genuine, and his skill is the dexterity of the mosaic-worker, not the free power of the draftsman who stands off from his canvas and sketches in generous strokes. His lyrical instinct could not justly be likened to that of the Elizabethan poets; it is more like that of the French pseudo-classic versifiers. It is more ingratiating than compelling, more correct than fervid, more graceful than profound.

This lack of virility in Franz's music, one cannot but feel, is the analogue and reflection of that indecisiveness, that over-refined fastidiousness and inability to commit himself to vigorous action, which was the peculiar weakness of his temperament. His conservatism was as much negative as positive. It was only in part the fruit of intellectual conviction; the less admirable part of it rested on limitations, on torpidity of blood, on narrowness of interest, on restricted feelings and an unenfranchised imagination. Yet in spite of these shortcomings Franz has an honorable place in music. In the first place, his indirect influence was a wholesome one. Progress requires some full-blooded temperaments, ardent for the

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novel, careless of the safe; but it also requires cautious conservers of traditions, custodians of the wisdom learned by past experience. "Without the cranks," says Dr. Holmes, "the wheels of civilization would not turn." It is equally true that without the brakes and belts and cogs they would spin us all speedily into chaos. In the second place, Franz has made a direct and tangible contribution to art in his songs, which are unique in their distinction of style, their purity of feeling, their rare tranquillity and serenity of temper. They cannot compete with the ampler utterances of larger men, but within their own domain they are consummate and inimitable. Franz was one, when all is said, who did a true service to art by his rigorous respect for its highest aims, by his steadfast refusal to lower his standards to conform with popular tastes, by his embodiment in his own work of those fine perceptions and intuitions of beauty which were his, and by his efforts to make known to every one the greater works of those old masters who had more than his vitality and creative genius.—THE EDITOR[1]

THE WORKS OF FRANZ

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

ACCORDING to the usual custom of this magazine, which is intended for American readers, only the English texts[2] of the songs are given with the music; but in Franz's songs the adjustment between words and music is so exquisite, and so much of their charm depends upon it, that it seems advisable to add the original German texts in these notes, so that those readers who care to do so may compare them with the melodies.

I. 'Out of my Soul's Great Sadness' — *Opus 5, No. I*

AUS MEINEN GROSSEN SCHMERZEN

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleine Lieder;
Die heben ihr klingend Gefieder
Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen.

Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten,
Doch kommen sie wieder und klagen,
Und klagen, und wollen nicht sagen,
Was sie im Herzen schauten.— *Heine.*

THIS is a very simple strophic song in two stanzas. The melody of the first half of each is quiet and earnest in expression, but the last half, in each case, is more impassioned. Note the art with which Franz gives the impression of climax by making the third phrase of the second stanza starthig her (E-flat) than that of the first (C), and makes the form complete by letting the

[1] Reprinted from an article on Franz in 'The Outlook,' with the kind permission of the Outlook Company.

[2] The English texts of the songs given in this number have been reprinted, with the kind permission of the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, from their excellent volume of selections from Franz's Songs, edited by Mr. W. F. Apthorp, and published in the 'Musicians' Library.' The portrait of Franz here reproduced is also from the same volume.

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first stanza end on the dominant, and employing, in the second, the same cadence, but on the tonic. The accompanist should make the minor melody, played for the most part by the thumb of the right hand, sound clearly, especially where, in the last line, it makes thirds with the voice. This is a beautiful and very characteristic effect. Let the bass be firm but subdued throughout.

II. 'On the Sea' — *Opus 5, No. 3*

AUF DEM MEERE

Aus den Himmelsaugen droben
Fallen zitternd lichte Funken
Durch die Nacht, und meine Seele
Dehnt sich liebe weit und weiter.

O, ihr Himmelsaugen droben!
Weint euch aus' in meine Seele,
Dass von lichten Sternen Thränen
Überfliesset meine Seele.—*Heine.*

THE most notable features of this song are, in the voice part, the long hold on the high E's at the end of the stanzas, followed by the graceful falls of an octave, in which the indicated crescendo and diminuendo should be carefully given, and, in the piano part, the grace and sonority of the harmonic treatment which accompanies them. Throughout, the piano part should be carefully phrased, and especially in the consummate last three measures.

Mr. Apthorp, in his introduction to the volume of Franz's songs in the 'Musicians' Library,' prints the original sketch of this song. It is interesting to compare it with the finished product, noting the many improvements made during its composition.

III. 'Lassie with the Lips so Rosy' — *Opus 5, No. 5*

MÄDCHEN MIT DEM ROTHEN MÜNDCHEN

Mädchen mit dem rothen Mündchen,
Mit den Aeuglein süss und klar,
Du mein liebes, süsses Mädchen,
Deiner denk' ich immer dar.

Lang ist heut der Winter-abend,
Und ich möchte bei Dir sein,
Bei Dir sitzen, mit Dir schwatzen,
Im vertrauten Kämmerlein.

An die Lippen wollt' ich pressen
Deine kleine weisse Hand,
Und mit Thränen sie benetzen,
Deine kleine weisse Hand.—*Heine.*

AS the piano part in this song carries the melody throughout, it makes a very effective Song without Words, in the style of Mendelssohn. Care should be taken to make the sixteenth-notes in the accompaniment very light, and also, in regard to time, very accurately just one-third of the beat. In all cases where the beat-division is dual instead of triple, like the last beat of the third measure, a subtle and beautiful effect is obtainable—but only by accurate playing. Note that the last two phrases of all, after the dramatic pause of a full measure, are all in the rhythm of two divisions to the beat. Note also that in all three stanzas the second phrase of the voice part is reënforced not only by the right-hand part of the accompaniment, but also by a cello-like cantabile in the left hand.

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IV. 'Farewell' — *Opus 5, No. 7*

GUTE NACHT

Die Höh'n und Wälder schon steigen
Immer tiefer in's Abend-gold,
Ein Vöglein fragt in den Zweigen:
Ob es Liebchen grüssen sollt' [repeated].

O Vöglein, du hast dich betrogen,
Sie wohnet nicht mehr im Thal,
Schwing' auf dich zum Himmelsbogen,
Grüss' sie droben zum letzten mal.

—*Eichendorff.*

THIS exquisite song is as simple in melody as can be imagined, yet from its inexorable rhythm and eloquent harmony it gains a surprising effectiveness. The first stanza should be rendered very simply and directly, the second with more intensity and with gradually increasing pathos, until the impression is clinched at the last line, with its slowly ceasing movement and somber harmony.

V. 'Forebodings' — *Opus 5, No. 10*

VERGESSEN

O banger Traum, was flatterst du
Mit schwarzem Flügel um mein Haupt?
Du hast mir, du, die ganze Ruh'
Aus meinem Herzen wild geraubt.

Ich träum': ich steh' an Baches Rand,
Die Trauerweide hängt herein,
Die Quelle schwand, verdorrt im Sand
Sind all' die blauen Vergiss-nicht-mein.

Vergessen, ach! vergessen sein
Vom liebsten Herzen in der Welt
Das ist allein die schwerste Pein,
Die auf ein Menschenherze fällt.—*Osterwald.*

THIS song is tragic in mood, and of a great dignity in phraseology. The slower movement of the melody in the last half of each stanza gives a remarkable intensity, and the final rise to high E-flat by resolute progression is peculiarly inexorable and impressive. The singer should take care to give these places due weight and deliberation. In the accompaniment, the tremolando of the right hand gives the requisite sense of agitation, while the left moves with firm, unfaltering tread.

VI. 'As the Moon her Trembling Image' — *Opus 6, No. 2*

WIE DES MONDES ABBILD

Wie des Mondes Abbild zittert
In den wilden Meeres Wogen,
Und er selber still und sicher
Wandelt an dem Himmelsbogen.

Also wandelst du, Geliebte,
Still und sicher, und es zittert
Nur dein Abbild mir im Herzen
Weil mein eignes Herz erschüttert.

—*Heine.*

HERE is an excellent example of that restraint and purity of style which has been spoken of above as characteristic of Franz. One can easily imagine what a "dramatic" composer would have made of these lovely verses of Heine. He would have painted each image, delineated every scene, particularized every allusion; a tremolo in the treble would have depicted the trembling moon-reflection of the first line; strident progressions in the bass, diminished seventh chords, and a general musical upheaval would have represented the stormy ocean of the second; and the third and fourth

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lines would have been set to some kind of melody expressive of sliding serene motion, if such a thing be conceivable. Franz, with true lyrical instinct, has avoided all such puerile expedients, and contented himself with writing a perfect bit of music, beautiful in itself, largely because unmarred by obtrusive details, and in a general way most expressive of the mood of the poem.

There is, however, in his setting, one very lovely special effect, which should be given its full value by the accompaniment; namely, the strange and very mournful B-double-flat at the first beat of the next to the last measure.

The song should be rendered very quietly and softly throughout.

VII. 'Calm at Sea' — *Opus 8, No. 2*

Ich seh' von des Schiffes Rande
Tief in die Fluth hinein:
Gebirge und grüne Lande
Und Trümmer im falben Schein,
Und zackige Thürm' im Grunde,
Wie ich's oft mir im Traum gedacht;
Das dämmert Alles da unten
Als wie eine prächtige Nacht.

Seekönig auf seiner Warte
Sitzt in der Dämmerung tief,
Als ob er mit langem Barte
Ueber seiner Harfe schlief.
Da kommen und gehen die Schiffe
Darüber, er merkt es kaum;
Von seinem Korallenriffe
Grüsst er sie wie im Traum [repeated].
—*Eichendorff.*

PERHAPS the most remarkable feature of this song is the vividness with which it presents the picture of the ocean depths, with their eternal solemn swaying movement. The accompaniment of the first, second, and fourth stanzas is agitated, that of the third quietly undulating; but through all one hears what Rossetti has called the "listless chime" of the sea,—"Time's self it is, made audible." The piano part should be played very legato throughout, and especially in the third stanza. The final cadence in B-major is a highly characteristic harmonic effect.

VIII. 'Passing through the Moonlit Woods' — *Opus 8, No. 3*

Durch den Wald im Mondenscheine
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reuten;
Ihre Hörner hört' ich klingen,
Ihre Glöckchen hört' ich läuten.

Ihre weissen Rösslein trugen
Goldnes Hirschgeweih und flogen
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,
Lächelnd im Vorüberreuten.
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?—*Heine.*

IN this Mendelssohn-like song all is delicate and ethereal. The rhythm is incisive, and the pause at the beginning of the fourth measure, as well as a similar one in the third stanza, is very piquant in effect. The melody is graceful, the harmony pure and delicately colored, with its faint reminders of calls on fairy trumpets. The touch of awe in the last two lines is also admirably suggested.

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IX. 'Request' — *Opus 9, No. 3*

BITTE

Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge,
Ueber deine ganze Macht,
Ernste, milde, träumerische,
Unergründlich süsse Nacht.

Nimm mit deinem Zauberdunkel
Diese Welt von hinnen mir,
Dass du über meinem Leben
Einsam schwebest für und für. — *Lenau.*

THIS song, combining as it does the utmost grace and eloquence of melody with the most simple and yet noble harmonic treatment, is an almost perfect example of Franz's lyric style, at once reticent and impassioned, straightforward and profound. Singers must especially be cautioned against singing it with too much "expression." Its sentiment is fully communicated only when it is sung with great simplicity and sincerity. The least touch of sentimentality or rhetorical accent ruins all.

X. 'For Music' — *Opus 10, No. 1*

FÜR MUSIK

Nun die Schatten dunkeln,
Stern an Stern erwacht,
Welch ein Hauch der Sehnsucht
Flutet durch die Nacht.

Durch das Meer der Träume
Steuert ohne Ruh',
Steuert meine Seele
Deine Seele zu.

Die sich dir ergeben,
Nimm sie ganz dahin!
Ach, du weisst, dass nimmer
Ich mein eigen bin, mein eigen bin. — *Geibel.*

THE accompaniment is here particularly interesting. Not only does the thumb of the right hand carry the melody throughout, but in the last stanza the left hand adds a very beautiful secondary voice. Both these singing parts must be clearly brought out. They are very good examples of the pains Franz took with the details of his art, and of the polyphonic way of writing into which one who was so zealous a student of Bach naturally fell. This is one of his most beautiful and best known songs.

XI. 'A Churchyard' — *Opus 13, No. 3*

EIN FRIEDHOF

Schemen erloschener Flammen
Facheln über das Moor:
Thränen brennender Wimpern
Flimmern als Thau am Rohr.

Welke Kränze am Grabe,
Welke Herzen darin,
Leise rauschen die Weiden
Frieden darüber hin. — *Waldau.*

WITH its nobly declaimed melody and its almost ecclesiastical harmonies, so intrinsically beautiful and so suggestive of the mood inspired by the poem, this song is another of those works of perfect art which, to use a phrase of Henley's, "outrun hope, bewilder praise."

It should be sung with a full but carefully tempered voice, sonorous but not loud, and accompanied in the same style; that is, with a back-

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ground of adequate but not obtrusive sound. Great legato is necessary, especially in the final organ-like chords with their solemn resolution into the major triad. Note how wonderfully they interpret the feeling of the words "peace and eternal rest."

XII. 'Dedication' — *Opus 14, No. 1*

WIDMUNG

O danke nicht für diese Lieder,
Mir ziemt es dankbar Dir zu sein;
Du gabst sie mir, ich gebe wieder,
Was jetzt und einst und ewig Dein.

Dein sind sie alle ja gewesen.
Aus Deiner lieben Augen Licht
Hab' ich sie treulich abgelesen,
Kennst Du die eignen Lieder nicht? [repeated].
— *Müller.*

THE melody Franz sets to these words is of a simplicity and earnestness equal to their own, and should be rendered with straightforward, almost naïve expression. The two-measure phrases of the third line come in with an especially beautiful effect of simple feeling after the three-measure phrases of the first two. Note also the delicate effect of the contrast between mezzo-forte and piano in these phrases.

XIII. 'The Runic Rock' — *Opus 39, No. 2*

Es ragt ins Meer der Runenstein,
Da sitz' ich mit meinen Träumen.
Es pfeift der Wind, die Möwen schrein,
Die Wellen, die wandern und schäumen.

Ich habe geliebt manch schönes Kind
Und manchen guten Gesellen —
Wo sind sie hin? Es pfeift der Wind,
Es schäumen und wandern die Wellen.
— *Heine.*

THIS song is a masterpiece of somber color, produced largely by the harmonic treatment. Note, for instance, the solemn octaves of the very first measure; the almost harsh yet inexorable leading of the parts in the third phrase ("the salt winds blow," etc.); and the hollowness, mysterious and grim, of the final chords. The impression is further deepened by the constantly recurring rhythmic figure of four sixteenth-notes and a quarter in the piano part, and by the unhurrying movement of the voice. In dynamic shading the whole should be midway between loud and soft (it is marked for the most part mezzo-forte), intensity being given more by a repressed thrill of mystery in the voice than by vulgar loudness. This song shows what exceedingly dramatic effects can be gained by simple means.

XIV. 'The Rose Complained' — *Opus 42, No. 5*

ES HAT DIE ROSE SICH BEKLAGT

Es hat die Rose sich beklagt,
Dass gar so schnell der Duft vergehe,
Den ihr der Lenz gegeben habe.
Da hab' ich ihr zum Trost gesagt,
Dass er durch meine Lieder wehe,
Und dort ein ew'ges Leben habe. — *Mirza-Schaffy.*

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FRANZ has dealt with these three-line stanzas in an ingenious way. He writes the usual four-phrase musical strophe, but lets the voice be silent each time during the first phrase. The pianist has therefore the sole responsibility in these phrases, and must render them acceptably.

An interesting harmonic feature is the tone C, retained in the first chord of measure 4 (neglect in counting the incomplete measure at the beginning) instead of changing to D-flat as one expects. The dissonant chord thus produced keeps one breathless for what is to follow. The simplicity of all the cadences is also characteristic of Franz.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF FRANZ

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. Two sets of part-songs for small chorus. SACRED. Several settings of portions of the mass, *a capella*.

II. VOCAL. Over two hundred and fifty songs, for single voice with piano accompaniment.

III. ARRANGEMENTS. "Additional accompaniments" to works by Bach, Handel, and other old composers. A complete list of these is given in Champlin and Apthorp's 'Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians.'

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I. OUT OF MY SOUL'S GREAT SADNESS

HEINE. *Translated by F. F. BULLARD.* Op. 5, Nº 1

Andante. Fervently.
Out of my soul's great sad - ness My lit-tle songs come.
p
dolce
wing - ing: Like wee, feath-ered birds, a - sing - - ing They
rit.
fly to her heart in glad - - - - ness. They
rit.
mf
espressivo
dim. rit.

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p
found her, and round her hov - er'd And now they're come back, and they
mf
scold me, And yet not a song - let has told me What
mf
cresc.
they in her heart dis - cov - - ered.

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II. ON THE SEA

HEINE. *Translated by C. F. MANNEY.* Op. 5, No 3.

Andantino. Very fervently.
p
From the star - ry eyes of heav - - en Trem - bling
p
sparks of light are fall - ing Thro' the night: my soul in
rit.
a tempo
mf
rap - ture Soars on wings of love to meet them. O ye
p
poco rit.
a tempo

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eyes of heav'n a - bove me, Pour your beams in - to my
p
bos - om Till those tears of star - ry bright - ness Fill my
poco rit.
a tempo
soul to o - ver - flow - - - ing.
poco rit.
a tempo

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III. LASSIE WITH THE LIPS SO ROSY

HEINE. *Translated by Sir T. MARTIN.* **Op.5,№5**

Andantino con moto. Fervently.

p
Las - sie with the lips so ro - sy,
*
p dolce
With the eyes so soft and bright, Dear wee las - sie,
p
p
poco rit.
I keep think - ing, Think - ing on thee day and night.
poco rit.

*Remark: *The sixteenth notes of the triplets must throughout be light and short.*

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a tempo
Win - ter nights are long and drear - y;
a tempo
p
Would that I _____ were with thee, dear,
p
p
Arms a - bout thee, chat - ting gai - ly, With no mor - tal
p
p

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with fervor
by to hear! With my kiss - es I would smoth - er
riten.
mf
p
mf molto più lento
Thy white hand so fair and small, And my tears for
p
mf ben legato ed espress.
p
ver - y rap - ture On that wee white hand should fall.
p

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IV. FAREWELL

EICHENDORFF. *Translated by A. WESTBROOK.* Op. 5, No 7.

Andante, Softly and fervently.
p
The hills and for - ests are
sempre pp
dark'-ning Ev - er deep - er in eve - ning glow; A
bird asks soft in the branch-es, "May I greet thy love, or

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V. FOREBODINGS

OSTERWALD. *Translated by A. WESTBROOK.* Op. 5, Nº 10.

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I dream, I pace the riv - er's strand, The
wil - lows weep there all for-lorn. The
p
marcato il Basso
stream - let dies and turns to sand, The blue for - get - me - nots
f più moto
now are gone. For - got - ten! ah, to
dim.
f

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VI. AS THE MOON HER TREMBLING IMAGE

HEINE. *Translated by I. G. PARKER.* Op. 6, № 2

Larghetto tranquillo. Softly, with fervor.

p
As the moon her trem - bling im - - age On the
p dolce
storm - y waves im - press - es, While a - loft, in heav'n's calm
poco rit.
p a tempo
az - ure, All the world with light she bless - es, So se -
poco rit.
p
a tempo

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rene, my love, thou shin - est, As the moon - light far a - -
dolciss.
bove thee, While my heart for thee is break - ing, So su -
mf
preme - ly do ____ I love thee.
p

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VII. CALM AT SEA

EICHENDORFF. ***Translated by M. A. ROBINSON.*** **Op. 8, № 2.**

Andante con moto.
p
I lean from the ship while gaz - ing in-to the depths be - low, Where
moun - tains and ver - dant mead - ows, And ru - ins of long a - -
go, and point - ed tur - rets greet me.

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As they oft did my dreams de - light; They
all be-neath me are gleam - ing Like un - to a beau - ti-ful
night.
p
dim.
mf
The sea - king up - on his watch - - tow'r
p
mf

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mf
Sits in the twi - light deep, As if, with his
beard so hoar - - - y O'er his harp he'd
fal - len a - sleep.
p dim.
Più moto
mf
cresc.
A - bove him the ships are sail - ing; He
p
dim.
p

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VIII. PASSING THROUGH THE MOONLIT WOODS

HEINE. *Translated by A. WESTBROOK.* Op. 8, No 3

Allegretto vivace.

mf
Pass - - ing through the moon - lit woods, I
mf
late - ly saw the Elves a - rid - ing, Heard their lit - tle fair - y bu - gles,
f
f
p
Heard their ti - ny bells a - chim - - - ing.
p
f

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mf
From the brows of their white hors-es gold - en ant - lers were ex-tend-ing;
mf
On they sped like swans in mo - tion, Thro' the air their swift way
mf
p
wend - - - ing. Then their Queen, she smiled and nod - ded,
mf
p

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IX. REQUEST

LENAU. *Translated by A. WESTBROOK.* Op. 9, No 3.

Larghetto sostenuto.
p
Eyes so dark, on me re - pos - ing, Let me
p legato
feel now all your might. With thy grave and dream - y
p
sweet - ness, Thine un - fath - om'd, won - drous night.

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p
Take, now, with thy som - bre mag - ic From my
p
sight this world a - way, That a - lone thou
p
may'st for ev - er O'er my life ex - tend thy sway.
dim.
p
dim.

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X. FOR MUSIC

GEIBEL. *Translated by D.V. ASHTON.* Op. 10, №1

Andante molto sostenuto.
With feeling
p
Now the shad-ows dark - en, Star on stars a - light,
p
il canto molto espress.
What a breath of long - ing Floods the air at night;
cresc.
p
p
Thro' the sea of fan - cy Steer-ing with - out rest,

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Seeks my soul thy spir - it, Ha - ven, oh, how blest.
cresc.
p
Take my heart's de - vo - tion, Thine it is a - lone!
cresc.
mf
p
Ah, thou know'st that nev - er I have been my own, have been my own.
cresc.
mf
p

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XI. A CHURCHYARD

WALDAU. *Translated by D.V. ASHTON.* Op. 13, Nº 3.

Andante con moto.
p
Phan - toms of flames now ex - tin - guished Flick - er o - ver the
fens; Tears from burn - ing lash - es Hang on the reeds like
rain. Graves with with - er'd gar - lands, Fa-ded heart in each breast.
cresc.
pp
Soft-ly rus-tle the wil - lows, Peace and e - ter-nal rest.

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XII. DEDICATION

MÜLLER. *Translated by A. WESTBROOK.* Op. 14, No 1.

Andante espressivo.

mf
Oh, thank me not for what I sing thee; Thine are the
mf
mf
p
songs, no gift of mine. Thou gav'st them me; I but re -
mf
p
mf
turn thee what is and ev - er will be thine.
mf

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mf
Thine were they ev - 'ry one for - ev - er. The light ___ which
mf
mf
in thy dear eyes shone Tru - ly hath taught me how ___ to
p
mf
p
pp
read them; Dost thou not know ___ they - are ___ thine own, ___
pp
f
p
Dost thou not know ___ they are ___ thine own? ___
f
p

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XIII. THE RUNIC ROCK

HEINE. *Translated by A. WESTBROOK.* **Op. 39, No 2.**

Maestoso, ma con moto.

mf
The Ru - nic rock o'er - hangs the sea; There
più f
oft I am sit - ting and dream - ing; The salt winds blow, the sea-gulls cry, The
più f
mf
bil - lows are foam - ing and gleam - ing. I've
mf

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loved, oh, how man - ya maid - en fair, And man - ya right no - ble
poco rit.
a tempo
fel - - low. Where are they now? The shrill winds blow, While
a tempo
poco rit.
foam crests the wan-der-ing bil - low.

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XIV. THE ROSE COMPLAINED

Von BODENSTEDT. (From the Persian of M. Schaffy.) Op. 42, No. 5

Translated by G. L. OSGOOD.

Larghetto. Fervent and tender.
The rose com -
espressivo
mf
Con Ped.
plain'd with hang - ing. head, Her fra-grance all too soon was
go - ing, Which spring had lav - ish'd sweet and ver - nal!

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

L I S Z T

BORN 1811: DIED 1886

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FRANZ LISZT

With his deep-set eyes, made more brilliant by the shaggy eyebrows which shadowed them, his bold, strong nose, his long mouth depressed at the corners, and his masses of white hair falling almost to his shoulders, which were "drawn up," as one observer remarks, "from constant playing," Liszt must have been a peculiarly striking and impressive figure. His expression has been described as "full of conscious superiority, yet too mild to inspire fear."

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FRANZ

L I S Z T

BORN 1811: DIED 1886

IT is said that when Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the famous dramatist and Parliamentary orator, finished his great five-and-a-half-hour speech in condemnation of Warren Hastings' Indian governorship, the members of the most conservative and deliberate governing body in the world were so carried away by his impetuous eloquence and irresistible personality that they dared not trust themselves to reach a judgment until the thrill of his voice had faded from their minds, and actually proposed an adjournment in the interests of justice. The story is a good instance of that hypnotic fascination which some men are able to exert, a fascination which leaves its victims with a sense of being overpowered, dazzled, and perhaps, after a lapse of time, a trifle hoodwinked.

This magnetic power, which is in the equipment of the musical virtuoso an important element, was possessed in a supreme degree by Franz Liszt. From his first appearance in public, at the age of nine, when one of his critics pronounced his performance to "border on the miraculous," to his very last appearances in private concerts, where he held all hearers spell-bound, there was something almost necromantic in the art with which he held his audience in the palm of his hand. The spell was in the last analysis a matter of personality; it was an effluence of a character so forceful, a temperament so ardent, a mind so penetrative, that none but the most cautious or discriminating observers could withhold their admiration. His contemporaries vied with each other in an enthusiasm for him which almost reached the stage of idolatry; not only did schoolgirls discover in him their ideal, but business men elbowed their way to his concert platforms to offer him, in perfect good faith, the bank-notes which were their natural avenues of expression. It is no wonder that since his death the world has rubbed its eyes, and wondered what it was about. It is no wonder that some critics have reacted too far, and condemned altogether the man and his work. Such a man is as difficult to estimate impartially as he is fascinating to consider.

Franz Liszt was born on the twenty-second of October, 1811, in Raid-

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ing, a small town near Oedenburg, in Hungary, thus entering into a national inheritance by which he profited when, after studying at close quarters the music of his gipsy compatriots, he wrote his Hungarian Rhapsodies and other compositions in which the folk-note is prominent. His father, Adam Liszt, who, of noble though impoverished family, was an officer in the imperial service and a musical amateur, gave his son Franz early lessons on the violin and the piano. So well did the boy profit by this instruction that when he was nine years old he won, by his playing of a piano concerto by Ries and an original Fantasie, the attention of several wealthy men, who contributed money for his further education.

The Liszt family accordingly moved to Vienna, and Franz was placed under Czerny for piano, and under Salieri and Randhartinger for composition. The story of his first interview with Czerny, who was of course the Carl Czerny famous as a piano pedagogue, shows him exercising his beguilements on that old and indurated scholar. It seems Czerny, being already overwhelmed with work, refused to take any more pupils. Young Liszt thereupon sat down at the piano, without invitation, and played so admirably that Czerny agreed at once to teach him, and is said to have made his instruction gratuitous. Salieri, an old man of seventy, anxious for rest, succumbed to similar blandishments. Liszt now made such rapid progress that in April, 1823, he gave a highly successful public concert, at which Beethoven, so the story runs, testified his appreciation by kissing him on the forehead. In the fall of the same year he went to Paris, giving concerts on the way, and made an attempt to enter the Conservatory. The rule excluding foreigners was too strict, however, and he had to content himself with private lessons under Reicha. Liszt now also gave his studious tendencies full play, and began a course of philosophical and theological reading. It is interesting to think of the young man, already famous as a virtuoso, and surrounded by the temptations of the brilliant French capital, passing his time in scholarly seclusion. Such intellectual activity as he showed now and at all periods of his career is rare among musicians. Composers usually, and performers almost invariably, specialize with passionate narrowness, looking with disdain or indifference at all forms of mental exercise not connected with their art; but of recent years there has been a tendency toward emancipation from this bigotry, and Liszt was one of the first of musicians prominently in the public eye to show that music and broad general cultivation were not incompatible.

It is said that Liszt was aroused from his retirement by the appearance in Paris, in 1830, of the celebrated violinist Paganini, whose extraordinary feats of technique and novel effects of light and shade he was prompted to emulate on the piano. A healthy rivalry with Chopin and with Thalberg also animated him at this time. He worked to such good purpose in the direction of a more brilliant, various, and comprehensive piano technique than had ever been heard before that he was soon recognized as the greatest of all piano virtuosos. A Parisian journalist probably voiced the feeling of most competent critics when he said that Liszt could not only

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perform any of Thalberg's extraordinary feats of dexterity, but that he could animate the mechanism with a life of which the more academic master knew nothing—Liszt's playing was "art with a soul." The greatest contemporary judges corroborate this dictum. Mendelssohn and Schumann, who heard Liszt in Leipsic during a tour of Europe he now made, were enraptured with his playing. Mendelssohn wrote in a letter that he had "never before seen a musician so thoroughly imbued with music," and Schumann wrote to Clara Wieck, to whom he was then affianced: "How extraordinary his playing is, so bold and daring, and then again so tender and delicate;" adding however that "there was a good deal of tinsel about it too."

All the testimony we have, as well as independent study of Liszt's extraordinary and in some ways self-contradictory character, tends to deepen our impression of the brilliancy of his art, but also, it must be added, of the flashy and meritricious ingredient in it that Schumann's unfailing taste discerned. A man of unparalleled natural force, he did not disdain to augment it by artifices. Both by an undue exaggeration of emotional appeal, and by theatrical gestures and postures, he "played to the gallery." "His personal magnetism is immense," says one of his admirers, "and I can scarcely bear it when he plays. He can make me cry all he chooses. When he plays anything pathetic, it sounds as if he had been through everything, and opens all one's wounds afresh. He always fixes his eyes on some one of us when he plays, and I believe he tries to wring our hearts." A slightly less sympathetic observer, Fanny Kemble, the actress, well characterizes his playing as belonging to the "storm-and-stress, or seven-leagued-boot style of piano playing." So much for the element of morbid and hectic emotion in it. As for the theatrical accessories, an incident recounted in Miss Amy Fay's 'Music Study in Germany' will suffice to illustrate them. "Fräulein —— was playing something to Liszt in which were two runs, and after each run two staccato chords. 'After you make a run,' said Liszt, 'you must wait a minute before you strike the chords, as if in admiration of your own performance. You must pause as if to say, "How well I did that."' Then he sat down and made a run himself, waited a second, and then struck two chords in the treble, saying as he did so, 'Bra-vo,' and then he played again, struck the other chords, and said again, 'Bra-vo.' Positively, it was as if the piano had softly applauded!" Doubtless without these methods, which, however unworthy of his art, were effective with popular audiences, Liszt could not have made his enormous success as a virtuoso. But even if they compel us to deduct a little from our respect for him there is plenty left to admire. There must have been solid qualities indeed in playing which commanded the homage of all the musical countries of Europe from Russia to Spain, during the eight years, from 1839 to 1847, of his most important work as a virtuoso. "Money, which he prized little," says Hueffer, "the friendship of princes and artists and men of genius, and the love of women, which he prized much, poured in on him in one uninter-

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rupted current." No wonder if he suffered himself to cheapen a little the appeal that was so eagerly answered by the world; no wonder if in this clamor of adulation he forgot that stern impersonality which is the one vow art imposes on her votaries.

With his settlement in Weimar, the capital of Thuringia, in November, 1847, as court music-director, begins the most important period of his life. He had for some time been proposing to himself a more far-reaching and permanent service to music than a virtuoso can render; and when he was once settled in Weimar, with which his name is inextricably associated, he began a most vigorous and many-sided activity, of which the chief phases were conducting, writing, teaching, and composing.

Liszt's broad range of intellectual interest and generosity of heart are in no way better shown than in his tireless efforts to make known the work of men less famous, though in many cases greater, than himself. The story of his patronage to unknown composers would fill pages. "Never was the devotion of an artist to high ideals more quickly demonstrated," writes Mr. Krehbiel, "never was liberality of taste more generously displayed, than in the case of Liszt's career in Weimar. Scarcely was his presence announced before the evidence of his lofty strivings began to accumulate. In two weeks the orchestral concerts began, and soon the entr'actes at the plays were filled with high-class musical performances." Among the works performed for the first time in Liszt's Weimar theater were Berlioz's 'Benvenuto Cellini,' Schumann's 'Genoveva,' Schubert's 'Alfonso and Estrella,' Raff's 'King Alfred,' and Peter Cornelius' 'The Barber of Bagdad.' Of even greater importance than all this, however, was his loyal labor in behalf of Wagner, who had to reach his success through so many years of struggle and misunderstanding. As early as 1840 Liszt was his good friend, aiding him in private and defending him in public; and it was Liszt who first produced 'Lohengrin,' in Weimar in 1850, and secured for it the attention of musical Europe. He was also one of the prime movers in the establishment of the Festivals at Bayreuth for the regular performances of Wagner's music-dramas.

Liszt's literary work, most of which was accomplished during his years in Weimar, was largely of a controversial or propagandist nature. He wielded his pen as sturdily as his baton for the benefit of his friends Wagner, Schumann, and Berlioz. His style of writing was well suited to his purposes,—vivid, enthusiastic, animated, if somewhat turgid and rhapsodical. His more ambitious efforts, such as his books on Chopin and on the music of the Hungarian gipsies, are marred by lack of restraint and of careful scholarship. As a writer he was more the impassioned advocate than the calm and deliberate artist. Nevertheless his books, his essays on Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Weber, Field, and other composers, and his letters, have a lasting interest and value for those who make the necessary allowance for their exuberance.

As teacher and composer Liszt exerted a large influence upon his contemporaries. Through pupils such as Von Bülow, Klindworth, Tausig,

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Aus der Ohe, Sgambati, Leopold Damrosch, and William Mason his principles became widely disseminated and reëmbodied. He probably influenced modern methods of piano playing and modern traits of pianoforte style more than any other one man with the exception of Chopin, and possibly Schumann. Regarding his influence on composition there is some difference of opinion. Undoubtedly his principles still actuate most contemporary work. He believed that the function of music was to depict, to describe, to delineate; and that musical form should be determined always by the poetic idea embodied, rather than by abstract conditions of symmetry, proportion, and diversity in unity. His creed was, in other words, the creed of program-music which is still professed by many of the ablest composers of to-day. But there are signs of a reaction from this tendency to make music concrete and literal, and to withhold from it what many consider its highest function, that of embodying "simple beauty and nought else." The crass realism of Zola and his fellows has not succeeded in abolishing the romantic and the ideal from literature; and it is questionable whether pictorialism will maintain a more permanent place in music, to the genius of which it is especially alien.

Liszt's generous support of unknown artists naturally aroused some ill feeling among the more zealous and petty-minded musicians of Weimar; and at last, in 1861, his production of Cornelius' 'Barber of Bagdad' brought matters to a crisis, and he resigned his post. Giving free play to the religious tendencies which had always been prominent in his character, he now went to Rome, took the lower orders of the Church and the title of "Abbé," and devoted his efforts chiefly to sacred composition. There has been much comment on this action, and many have supposed that it indicated disloyalty to art. Such an idea, however, is entirely erroneous. Liszt took only the lower orders, as they are called, involving no regular ecclesiastical duties, and continued his musical activities unabated. He still spent a part of each year in Weimar, where he had a house presented to him by the Grand Duke, and he also made an annual visit to Pesth. In both places, as well as in Rome, he was surrounded by pupils and friends. In 1886, while attending a performance of 'Tristan and Isolde,' in Bayreuth, he took a severe cold which developed into pneumonia. He died July 31, 1886.

Liszt's character has been the subject of very various judgments. It is indeed a difficult one to estimate, so curiously complex is it, so apparently self-contradictory. His retirement into religious contemplation after so many brilliant years in the vortex of the world has especially aroused the ire of some critics, as a wholly affected and insincere proceeding. Rubinstein expresses this opinion unequivocally. His love affairs, too, are often cited as proofs of the instability and superficiality of his character. It is well known that he had by the Countess d'Agoult, to whom he was never married, three children, one of whom, Cosima, became the wife first of Von Bülow, and then of Wagner; and that he afterwards would have married Princess Caroline of Wittgenstein, had the pope given his con-

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work to her separation from her husband. But it is dangerous to draw positive deductions as to the moral or mental state of a man from mere facts of this sort. These significances depend on the most subtle motives and opinions of the artist, which no one can be sure of understanding.

Viewed as a mental exercise of a man's whole powers, we can argue with more certainty. It is undeniable that Liszt's music is largely infused with an unwholesome taint of sensationalism. Its expression is often strained, perverse, almost hysterical: its atmosphere close and oppressive like that of a tight, ill-kept room garnished with exotic flowers. His playing, as we have seen, was also marred by affectation, by a vein of strained, factitious sentiment. On the other hand, no man can be as generous as he was, as broad in sympathy and catholic in interest, without great mental health. And much allowance must be made for the frailties of a man who has to undergo the temptations of the virtuoso. Everything conspires to foster his vanities, to discourage his honesty: he gives his public the cheap effects it clamors for, the cloying sweetness, the rushed-up passion, the exaggerated, sentimentalized emotion—and he is finally the victim of his own cleverness. Liszt, however, was too true an artist to sacrifice his mental health entirely to the fever of the platform. He had solid gifts as well as brilliant powers, a thread of genius winding in and out among his many talents; and every student of his work must feel, without perhaps quite knowing why or how, that he did a true, permanent service to music, and that however contradictory his character, at once pleasure-loving and pious, vain and generous, sentimental and ardent, may seem to the protestant mind or the phlegmatic temper, it was after all the character of a strongly individual and positive personality.—THE EDITOR

THE ART OF LISZT

Ernest Newman — *'Century Library of Music'*

EVIDENCE of Liszt's originality is to be had in the fact of his immediately recognizing, like Wagner and like Berlioz, that Beethoven summed up a whole epoch in himself; that he represented the most gigantic achievement possible to instrumental music in one department, and that it was folly to attempt either to rival Beethoven on his own ground, or to go on merely echoing what Beethoven had already said so well. He perceived also that, great as was the speech of the master, he had not exhausted the possibilities of symphonic expression; that there was another source of musical emotion than that from which so much of the greatest music had sprung in previous epochs,—a source originating in a more specialized, more con-

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crete order of experiences. It is noteworthy that the musicians who devoted themselves to this aspect of music were men of much wider culture, much more vivid lives, than the symphonists of absolute music. Berlioz, with his brain crammed with suggestions from the vital literature of his own and preceding ages, worked in the center of one of the most strenuous artistic movements of any epoch; and he took his main inspiration from large and pregnant poetical works like those of Shakespeare and Goethe. Wagner lived not in music alone, but in almost every artistic and social movement that interested mankind in his time.

Liszt, with an imagination quite as incandescent, quite as quickly receptive, as that of Wagner or of Berlioz, enjoyed and suffered one of the most varied lives that ever musician lived,—a life full of the richest experiences. The stupendous charity and generosity of the man toward those who were poor and in misery—indeed to all who could profit by his help—was one of the things that throw light on his artistic structure. He took fire from everything he approached; every experience of life, every scene of nature, every manifestation of human activity, stirred in him deep fountains of emotion. Living as he did, his music necessarily sprang from a different spirit and sought a different form from the music of the classical symphonists. There can be no step forward in the rational criticism of music until it is recognized that, though Beethoven's achievement was incomparably great of its kind, it by no means exhausted the possibilities of the symphonic form. As yet there has been no adequate analysis of the many varying species of emotional thought which we lump together roughly under the one generic term of "music." When that analysis is made, it will be found that the classical symphony is the expression of only one of these species; that Mozart and Beethoven wrote as they did because their mental world was not only molded, but conditioned and limited, by the culture and ideals of their age; and that beyond that culture and those ideals there are states of mind which modern music has set itself to express, new orders of experience for which the old vocabulary and the old forms are alike insufficient.

Liszt's vivid and eager imagination set him at once upon the track of these new experiences and their proper musical expression. With him it is no longer a question of formulating a phrase of half-a-dozen or a dozen notes and putting it through a series of kaleidoscopic changes; his aim is to approach men directly upon the side of their actual life, to fashion accents, melodies, harmonies, rhythms, that shall speak to them of the world of man and nature as they themselves have found it. The beauty of scenery speaks to him, and he translates his impressions of it into music. He sees a picture by Raphael and a statue by Michelangelo, and out of his visions of them he shapes in sound his 'Il Pensieroso' and 'Lo Sposalizio.' A picture by Kaulbach suggests to him his symphonic poem 'The Battle of the Huns.' Poems by Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Schiller impel him to symphonic representations of them in his 'Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne,' his 'Préludes,' his 'Idéals.' The joys and sorrows of his native

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country speak to him in sharp and definite melodies and rhythms, incarnating themselves in the symphonic poem 'Hungaria.' A German celebration of the anniversary of Goethe's birth with a performance of his drama 'Tasso' suggests to Liszt a musical representation of the life tragedy of the Italian poet. The 'Divine Comedy,' and 'Faust,' and 'Hamlet,' prompt him to still further symphonic utterances. What is so remarkable in his musical career is the variety of quarters from which he received the impulse to create. Poetry, painting, sculpture, natural scenery, all contributed to stir emotion in him and to prompt him to translate his emotion into music.

As in the case of Berlioz, the new genre of feelings was not to find adequate artistic expression without enormous difficulty. Men like Liszt found themselves standing mid-way between the two great currents of music—between the absolute music of Beethoven and his fellows and the music, as vivified and transformed by poetry, of Wagner and the new school of song-writers. On each of these lines it was comparatively easy to achieve an all-sufficing form; the struggle for form bore most heavily on the men who, rejecting the sacrosanct formulas of the classical symphony, flung themselves into the sea of poetic music without availing themselves of the support of actual poetry. The problem before them was as thorny as any that has ever presented itself in the history of music; and if Liszt has not always succeeded in solving it we must judge him not only in relation to what he aimed at, but in relation to what his forerunners and his contemporaries had made it possible for a musician of his peculiar ideas to do. In any case, we remain greatly indebted to him for having brought into music, to a degree unparalleled by any previous musician, the vitalized experience of an unendingly active life. There was not a throb his pulse had ever felt that does not somewhere or other find expression in his music. Hence the strange compelling magic of his best phrases, the ring of sincerity and spontaneity in them, their suggestion of most intimate association with life as we ourselves have lived it. Here was no longer a musician occupied in reconstructing an ideal world from the depths of his own consciousness, ringing the changes upon half-a-dozen of the broader and more general emotions of mankind, but a musician whose quick intelligence, playing upon a copious experience of life of all kinds, prompted him to bring music one great step nearer to actual reality, and to express in tone the form and color and movement, the clash and struggle, of things as we know them to be in the world. It was probably the very intensity and multifariousness of the sensations and emotions he had to express that led to some of the defects of his music. His tendency to prolixity, his unfortunate trick of repetition without development, his occasional failure just to attain distinction of phrase, may quite reasonably be put down to the overcrowding of impressions upon the brain, for great artistic work has to be done with a concentration of idea and fixity of gaze that is sometimes, by an apparent paradox, more possible to the weaker intellect than to the stronger. The quest for perfect form becomes harder in propor-

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tion to the remoteness of the subject from the broad and easy path tramped out by generations of patient toilers; and the music of Liszt, if not always as formally correct as that of certain worthy academics, speaks to us direct of a particular man, and of the particular world he lived in, which the music of the academics, orally pleasant as it may be, never did and never will.

Camille Saint-Saëns *'The Century Magazine' 1892*

THE influence of Liszt on the destiny of the piano was immense. I can best compare it with the revolution brought about by Victor Hugo in the mechanism of the French language. This influence was more powerful than that of Paganini in the world of the violin, because Paganini dwelt always in an inaccessible region where he alone could live, while Liszt, starting from the same point, deigned to descend into the practical paths where any one could follow who would take the trouble to work seriously. To play like him on the piano would be impossible. As Olga Janina said, in her strange book, his fingers were not human fingers. But nothing is easier than to follow the course he marked out; and in fact every one does follow it, whether he knows it or not. The great development of sonority of tone, with the means of obtaining it, which he invented, has become the indispensable condition and very foundation of modern execution.

These means are of two kinds: the one pertaining to the technical methods of the performer, especially gymnastic exercises; the other to the style of writing for the piano, which Liszt completely transformed. Beethoven, scornfully ignoring the limits of nature, imposed his tyrannous will upon the strained and overtaxed fingers; but Liszt, on the contrary, takes them and gently exercises them in their own natural direction, so that the greatest amount of effect they are capable of producing may be obtained; and, therefore, his music, so alarming at first sight to the timid, is really less difficult than it appears; for by hard work the whole body is brought into play, and talent is rapidly developed. We owe to him also the invention of picturesque musical notation, thanks to which, by an ingenious disposition of the notes, and an extraordinary variety in presenting them to the eye, the author contrived to indicate the character of the passage, and the exact way in which it should be executed. To-day these refined methods are in general use.

But, above all, we owe to Liszt the introduction on the piano of orchestral effects and of sonority, so far as these are possible on that instrument. His method of attaining this end—a method not indeed within the reach of every one—consists in substituting in the transcription a free translation for a literal one. Transcription thus understood and practised becomes in a high degree artistic; the adaptations by Liszt for the piano of the symphonies of Beethoven—above all, that of the Ninth for two pianos—may be regarded as masterpieces in this line.

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LISZT the composer is best known to the world for his radical stand against the conventional forms of the sonata and the symphony, and for his establishment of a freer type of structure known as the symphonic poem. As the reader is aware, the sonata-form, developed by musicians from the early seventeenth century down to Beethoven, consists in a grouping of themes into a compact, complete, and yet highly diversified organism, on the symmetry and abstract beauty of which its effect largely depends. The symphonic poem, on the other hand, is careless of symmetry, proportion, unity of final impression; it builds itself up piecemeal as the incarnation of a poetic idea. Its nucleus is a fancy or a feeling, which, in the course of the piece, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth." If we liken the form of a sonata-movement to that of a circle, which proceeds by a regular movement away from a starting-point, finally to return thither and complete the cycle, we may call the symphonic poem a straight line, which, with only the cohesion of its adjacent atoms to keep it from disintegrating, goes straight out into space.

When we look for the reason of Liszt's innovation in form, we find it in the preponderance of his emotional and intellectual vitality, so well described by Mr. Newman in the passage cited above, over his purely musical sense. Liszt was not, indeed, primarily a musician. He was primarily a man of intense and various feelings, of wide interests, of vivid imagination and insatiable curiosity. Music was a means of expression to him, but it was not the breath of his nostrils and the ground of his existence, as it was to such a man as Beethoven. Liszt expressed himself also through writing and through his social life, and it is easy to picture him as a courtier, a statesman, an ecclesiastical potentate, or an actor. The stage indeed would have been a particularly congenial field for his powers, and even in the pulpit they would have won him distinction. When such a man practises music, he practises it not with the devotion of the artist, but with the zeal of the popular leader; he desires less to create impersonal beauty than to inflame great masses of people with a very personal and intimate passion. In a word, if he is a poet he becomes a Browning rather than a Keats; if he is a painter he adopts the methods of a Jules Breton rather than those of a Millet; if he is a composer he devotes himself to program-music. Most of Liszt's themes, when we denude them of their poetic associations, their programmistic labels, their orchestral color or pianistic embroidery—in a word, of all their inessential accompaniments, and get them before us as final, naked musical ideas—are either bombastic or sentimental. Are they splendid, it is with a slight superfluity of gilt lace and military swagger; are they touching, it is with a hectic melancholy, with the labored tears of the actor or the professional beggar.

Liszt's contribution to musical progress, then, consists perhaps more in accessories than in essentials. He has written few melodies that strike the ear with the immediate authority of unique beauty, but he has enlarged the vocabulary of his art and augmented its resources. Not only has he

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treated the orchestra with a mastery that makes his scores repositories of method for the forward-looking student, but he has even more notably increased the sonorous possibilities of his own more modest instrument, the pianoforte. M. Saint-Saëns, in the paragraphs already quoted, describes briefly the work of Liszt in extending the technical facilities of the piano, in giving its tone flexibility, variety, color—even a little of the sonority of the orchestra. All this was in the nature of material acquisition rather than internal conquest, it was a dealing with means rather than ends; but perhaps it was not inappropriate that one of the best-known musicians of the latter half of the nineteenth century should exemplify so unmistakably the most characteristic trait of that century—the tendency to manipulate things rather than to penetrate to essences; the tireless ingenuity and the frank materialism of an age of machinery.—THE EDITOR

THE WORKS OF LISZT

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

I. "Églogue" *From 'Années de Pèlerinage'*

'ANNÉES DE PÈLERINAGE,' or 'Years of Pilgrimage,' is a general title given to a series of piano pieces descriptive of the adventures and impressions of Liszt during his travels in Italy and Switzerland, and containing some of his most charming and least elaborate piano pieces. The two extracts here given are especially easy to play and to understand.

The 'Églogue,' or 'Pastorale,' is made up of several fresh and graceful melodies, all suggestive of the open air and of country beauties. The preluding matter, in wide chords decorated now and again with embroideries in eighth-notes, requires a skilful use of the pedal for its proper effect. To hold together the widely dispersed chords the pedal is essential, and yet it must not blur the running passages. This part of the piece calls therefore for careful practice. In the fourth system the waving figure in eighth-notes, descending into the left hand, becomes an accompaniment for a new and charming melody, given in chords by the right. These chords should be soft throughout, though clearly sounding above the even murmur of the running figures, and should be delicately contrasted in touch, the first one in each measure being held with firm pressure, and the others played staccato. The passage reminds one strongly of the piquant and graceful piano style of Tschaïkowsky. At the top of page 18 are a series of echo effects, very charming if properly phrased and contrasted in force as marked. In the third system of this page especial care is needed in the phrasing at the point where the running figure in triplets crosses from the

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right to the left hand. There must be no audible break here—the two hands must play as one.

At the top of page 19 the Tschaïkowsky-like melody again appears, but with the murmuring figure in the lower voice slightly altered; and at the end of the second system it appears in the left hand, while the right accompanies it with a still more modified form of the running figure. Here, the usual functions of the hands being reversed, some practice will be necessary. The left hand will play melodically and with careful discrimination of legato and staccato, the right meanwhile resisting its natural tendency to play melodically, and merely supplying an undulatory veil of accompanying sound.

The remainder of the piece consists of a working out of features already familiar. During the last five measures the left hand takes the melody. The final cadence is especially simple and beautiful.

II. "Canzonetta del Salvator Rosa" *From 'Années de Pèlerinage'*

THIS selection is as martial and vigorous as the foregoing is tranquil. It is an elaboration of a melody in the true Italian folk-song style, simple, straightforward, and excitingly rhythmic. Music and words[1] are equally expressive of the character of Salvator Rosa, who was famous as a painter, musician, and satirical poet, in Rome, in the seventeenth century; an adventurer, wanderer, and friend of bandits and outlaws, yet withal a man who had absorbed much of the liberal culture and spirit of the Italian Renaissance.

The player should distinguish carefully between the form of the melody in which the first two tones stand clearly separated and that in which the first is bound and slurred over into the second, which is staccato. This latter form, which first appears in the last half of the second system, has an indescribable swing and vigor, much of which is lost if the phrasing is not observed. In the first and second systems on page 22 the melody notes, separated in some cases by rests, must be played sonorously enough to linger in the mind of the hearer, and build up a coherent tune. This is especially the case with the high D at the word "yet." Although the hand has to leave it at the second beat, it must be struck so firmly that it will hold the attention until the second beat of the next measure, where the air is continued. Note the strength which is given the cadence in the second measure of the third system, by the doubling up of the time values, each chord lasting two beats instead of one.

With the second stanza (page 23) the melody goes over to the left hand, and to the relative minor key. The meditative and pathetic quality introduced in the third system may be emphasized by a slight retarding of

[1]The English translation of the words, by Dr. Theodore Baker, is reproduced with the kind permission of Messrs. G. Schirmer.

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the motion. The final cadence of the stanza (the two systems at the top of page 24) in which hand crosses hand with a fragment of the original theme until the left hand ends up pianissimo, supported by soft chords by the right, reminds one strongly of a similar tonal effect in Schumann's song 'The Boy and the Magic Horn.' The third stanza is practically a repetition of the first, in music as well as in words.

III. 'Mignon's Song' *"Know'st thou the Land?"*

LISZT'S setting of Goethe's 'Mignon's Lied' is more characteristic of him than either of the pieces just described. It is in a vein of romantic sentiment, verging now and then, it must be confessed, on sentimentality, but for the most part held within the bounds of pure art. The technical aspects of Liszt's work, which have received more than their due share of his critics' attention, are after all very subordinate to those emotional aspects in which his real personality resides. His lavish decoration and ornament is but a dress for thoughts which are essentially emotional.

The very first phrase of this song, with its rich harmonization and peculiar melodic intervals, at once qualifies the style of the whole—a style full of rich color and voluptuous feeling. It is hardly necessary to point out the expressiveness of the melodic phrases set to the words "Know'st thou the land?" "Know'st thou it well?" and "'T is there, 't is there, 't is there." Each seems more beautiful and poignant than the last. The harmony, too, is full of beauties, as, for example, the enharmonic change by which the remote key of B-flat major is reached as early as the third line of the verses, and that even more striking one by which, at the words "with thee" (bottom of page 27), the key of G-major is entered. The accompaniment, which is elaborate, requires some practice for a smooth rendering.

IV. 'Thou 'rt like a Flower'

LISZT'S is one of the best of the innumerable settings of Heine's famous lyric 'Du bist wie eine Blume.' His treatment of the delightful melodic phrase or motif given out at once by the left hand is most ingenious. It forms the substance of the vocal melody of the first stanza, appearing first in the tonic key, and then, with the third line, in the key of B-minor. In the second stanza it is given to the piano part, just as the air of 'Mignon's Song' is in the third, and the voice has a new but equally expressive part. The most masterly stroke of all, however, occurs in the third system on page 36: first the piano sounds the motif in the key of F-sharp major; then, while it is silent, the voice poises a moment on C-sharp, and finally, taking

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this tone as a link with the original key, itself sounds the melody, above pianissimo chords on the piano. The piano postlude is made up of a rhythmic variant of the motif. All these exquisite traits justify the extraordinary popularity of this song.

V. 'Liebesträume' *I. "Perfect Love"*

THOUGH Liszt gives his three 'Liebesträume,' or 'Love Dreams,' two of which are here reprinted, the subtitle of Nocturnes, they might more properly be called Songs without Words, as they are in form simple songs in several stanzas, with highly decorated accompaniments and cadenzas. In order both to realize this clearly and to distinguish the melody definitely from the accompaniment in the interests of intelligible rendering, it will be wise for the pianist first of all to play the melody through alone. He will see that it consists of two stanzas melodically identical, the second beginning with the fourth system on page 39, and a short coda or postlude, occupying the last three systems of page 43. To play the melody with the accompaniment added is not so simple a matter. It calls for great power of individualizing the fingers of both hands, and for a deft use of the pedal. If properly rendered, however, the effect of the singing melody against the murmuring, richly harmonious accompaniment is very lovely. The modulations throughout are most subtle, and frequently illustrate Liszt's fondness for lingering long upon a single tone, while the whole harmonic foundation melts, changes, and as it were recrystallizes.

The second stanza is even more taxing than the first. Not only is the accompaniment a mixture of passages containing two notes to the beat with others containing three, but the tune itself passes from one hand to the other in the most baffling way. This very difficulty, however, adds interest to the performance when it is once mastered. The cadenzas on page 40 are not really so difficult as they look. The chief difficulty is to play them lightly and yet with sufficient accent to preserve the sense of the time. The same is true of those on pages 42 and 43. The coda contains a particularly good example of the harmonic mannerism mentioned above. The note C is constantly harped upon, yet its harmonic relations change with almost every chord. First it is a major third in the key of A-flat; then a dominant in the key of F; then a supertonic in the key of B-flat; then a minor third in the very remote key of A-minor; and finally, by an almost imperceptible lapse of the other voices, it becomes again the major third of the original key. This subtle lapse from A-minor to A-flat major is still more fascinatingly treated in the third and fourth measures of the fourth system, each of which embodies through its whole length the two very diversely-colored keys. Every musical person will feel the charm of these measures.

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VI. 'Liebesträume' *II. "Blissful Death"*

LIKE the first nocturne, this is in simple stanza form, the second stanza beginning at the top of page 46 and breaking off suddenly at the full-measure rest on page 48, after which there is a short coda of five measures. As in the other, the tune may well be played through first of all without accompaniment. For the first eight measures (after four of introduction) the melody is played by the inner fingers of the right hand, a device which involves peculiar difficulties. For instance, in the chord of A-minor, which closes the very first phrase, the A entrusted to the second or index finger of the right hand, being a melody-tone, must be heard clearly not only above the E sounded by the little finger, which is more accustomed to bring out tunes, but also above the E played by the thumb, which is naturally stronger than the index finger. And this is only one example of a difficulty in clear rendering that constantly occurs whenever a melody is placed in the middle of the right-hand part. The melody tones, moreover, must not only be struck more forcibly than those which merely fill out the chords, but they must be held with a clinging touch while the chords are played staccato, or at the least short. The player will find that this nocturne bristles with such problems.

In the second system of page 45 the tune appears in octaves, employing both hands, at the same time that the remaining fingers of each hand are employed in striking the staccato accompanying chords. Perhaps enough has already been said to suggest the proper mode of rendering such a passage.

On page 46 the accompaniment appears divided between the hands, and requiring the left to cross above the right at the ends of the measures. On page 47 the tune is given grandiloquently in octaves, and the accompaniment becomes chords in triplet rhythm. Here again the melody must sound clearly above everything else.

A climax is reached just before the full measure rest in the last system but one, and the whole ends quietly with the tranquil coda.

Both these nocturnes give a good idea, both of the highly flexible and varied pianistic idiom of Liszt, full of what a painter would call "chiaroscuro," and of his characteristic melodic and harmonic style, without presenting those extreme difficulties, almost insuperable to the ordinary player, which stud his longer, more pretentious pieces.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF LISZT

I. CHORAL. SECULAR. Sixteen choruses for men's voices; 'An die Künstler' (Schiller) for solos and orchestra; Festival Chorus for the unveiling of Herder's monument; etc., etc. [See also under Orchestral works.] SACRED. Solemn Mass, Hungarian Coronation Mass, and other masses; with various settings of Psalms. Two oratorios; viz., 'The Legend of St. Elizabeth,' and 'Christus.'

II. VOCAL. Sixty songs, with piano accompaniment.

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III. ORCHESTRAL. Symphony on Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' with women's chorus. Symphony on 'Faust,' with men's chorus. Two episodes from Lenau's 'Faust.' Thirteen symphonic poems, among which 'Tasso,' 'Les Préludes,' 'Mazeppa,' and 'The Ideal' are particularly well known. Many smaller works.

IV. CONCERTOS. Two pianoforte concertos, No. 1 in E-flat, No. 2 in A. 'Todten-Tanz,' paraphrase of the 'Dies Iræ,' for piano and orchestra.

V. PIANOFORTE. Twelve 'Études d'exécution transcendente.' Other studies, notably the popular 'Waldesrauschen' and 'Gnomenreigen.' Ten 'Harmonies poétiques et religieuses.' 'Années de Pèlerinage,' a series of fourteen pieces. 'Venezia e Napoli,' sequel to the foregoing. 'Consolations,' 'Liebesträume,' 'Ballades,' etc. One Sonata, in B-minor. Various small pieces, and innumerable transcriptions from operas, songs, and piano pieces of other composers.

VI. LITERARY WORKS. Gesammelte Schriften, in six volumes, published by Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipsic. For letters, see Bibliography.

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I. "ÉGLOGUE"

FROM 'ANNÉES DE PÈLERINAGE'

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II. "CANZONETTA DEL SALVATOR ROSA"

FROM 'ANNÉES DE PÈLERINAGE'

English version by Dr. Th. Baker.

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Time and a - gain I'm change - ful - ly rov - ing, Yet is
cresc. - - - -
my heart, yet is my heart, yet
f
più rinforz.
is my heart incon - stant nev - - - - - er.
ff
dimin.

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f energico
Ev - er unchang - ing re - mains my de - vo - tion,
Ev - er unchang - ing re - mains my de - vo - tion,
And I shall still be the same for ev - er, I shall still be
accentuato il canto e rall.
and I shall still
dol.
poco marcato
be the same for ev - - - er,
dol.

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the same for ev - - - - er.
poco riten.
dimin. - al - pp
Time and a-gain I am changeful - ly rov - ing,
mf
time and a - gain I am changeful - ly rov - ing, Yet is my heart incon - stant
cresc.
f
nev - - - er,
marc.

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Time and a - gain I'm change-ful - ly rov - ing, Yet is
cresc. - - - - -
my heart, yet is my heart, yet
- - - - - - - -
f
più rinforz.
is my heart inconstant nev - - - - - er.
ff
dimin.
lr
poco rit.
una corda
dimin. al pp
ff

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III. 'MIGNON'S SONG'

"KNOW'ST THOU THE LAND?"

GOETHE

Adagio con express.
p
Know'st thou the Land where sweet the citron blows, In
una corda
pp
dusk - y shade the gol - den o - range glows,
Where mild - er airs, from
pp
blu - er skies descend, And myr - tle buds with high crown'd lau - rels blend?
pp
sf
pp
f

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mu - - le - teer en - - - shrouds? in
cresc.
cav - - - - erns dwell the fa - - bled dra - gon's brood,
cresc
f
ff
And o'er the rock descends the headlong flood?
ff tre corde.
sf
poco rit.

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Meno mosso.
dol.
there, 'tis there, 'tis there, There lies our way, ___ O fath-er all I'd
una corda
share, 'Tis there, 'tis there, 'tis there, There
lies ___ our way, O ___ fa - ther, O fa - ther there all would I
dol.
poco rall.

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IV. 'THOU'RT LIKE A FLOWER'

HEINE

Adagio, espressivo.
p mezza voce.
Thou'rt like a lovely
ppp
una corda
pp
flow - - er, so beau - teous fair and pure, But
sempre
pp
yet my heart feels sor - - row, For what thou may'st en - dure.

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V. 'LIEBESTRÄUME' (LOVE-DREAMS)

"PERFECT LOVE"

(After a Poem by Uhland)

Within Love's arms to bliss invited
To ye life's sweet enjoyments call:
On me one glance alone has lighted,
Yet I am rich beyond you all.

I yield Earth's joys without resistance,
And, as a martyr, gaze on high,
For over me, in golden distance,
There opens a celestial sky.

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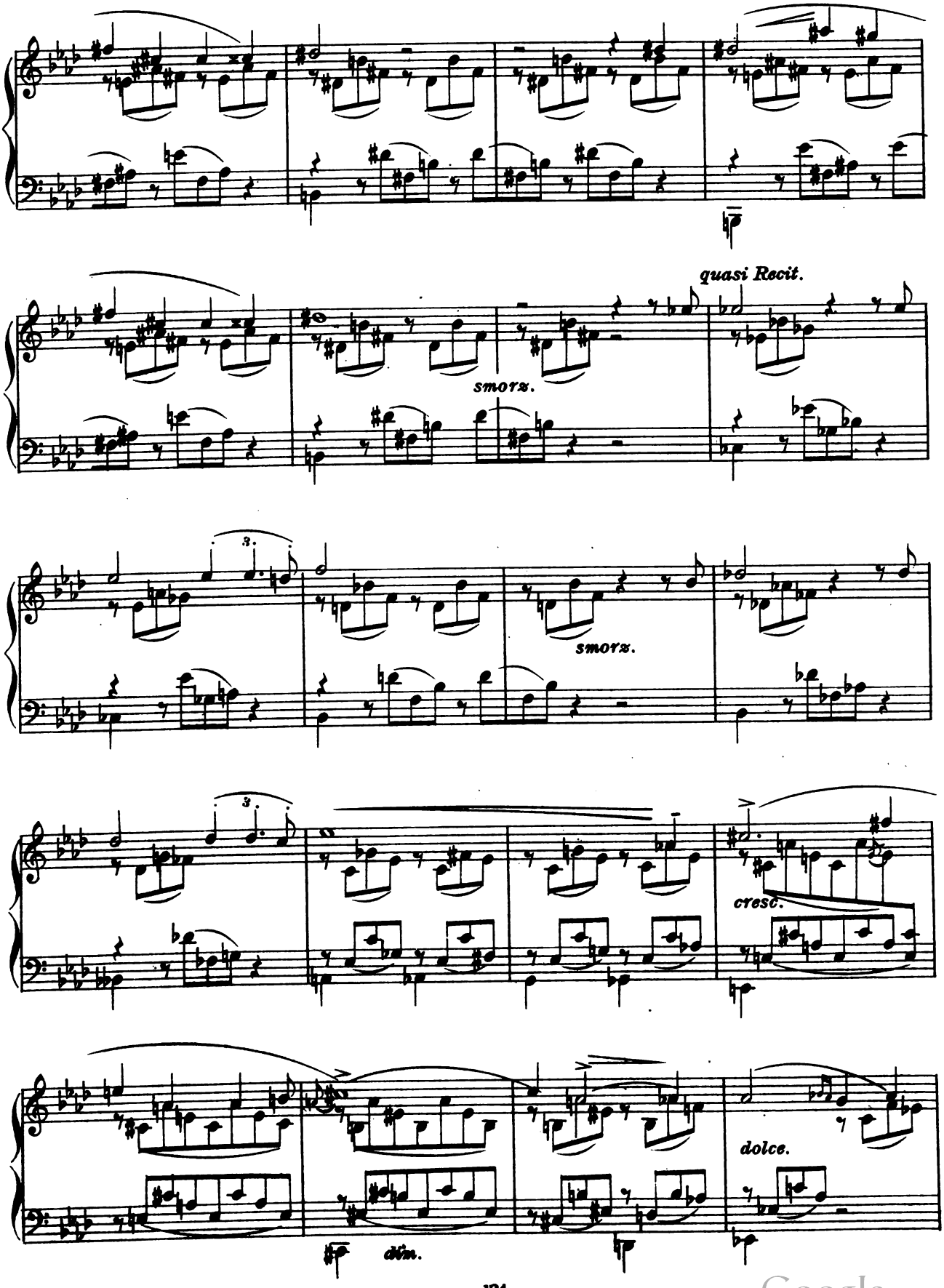

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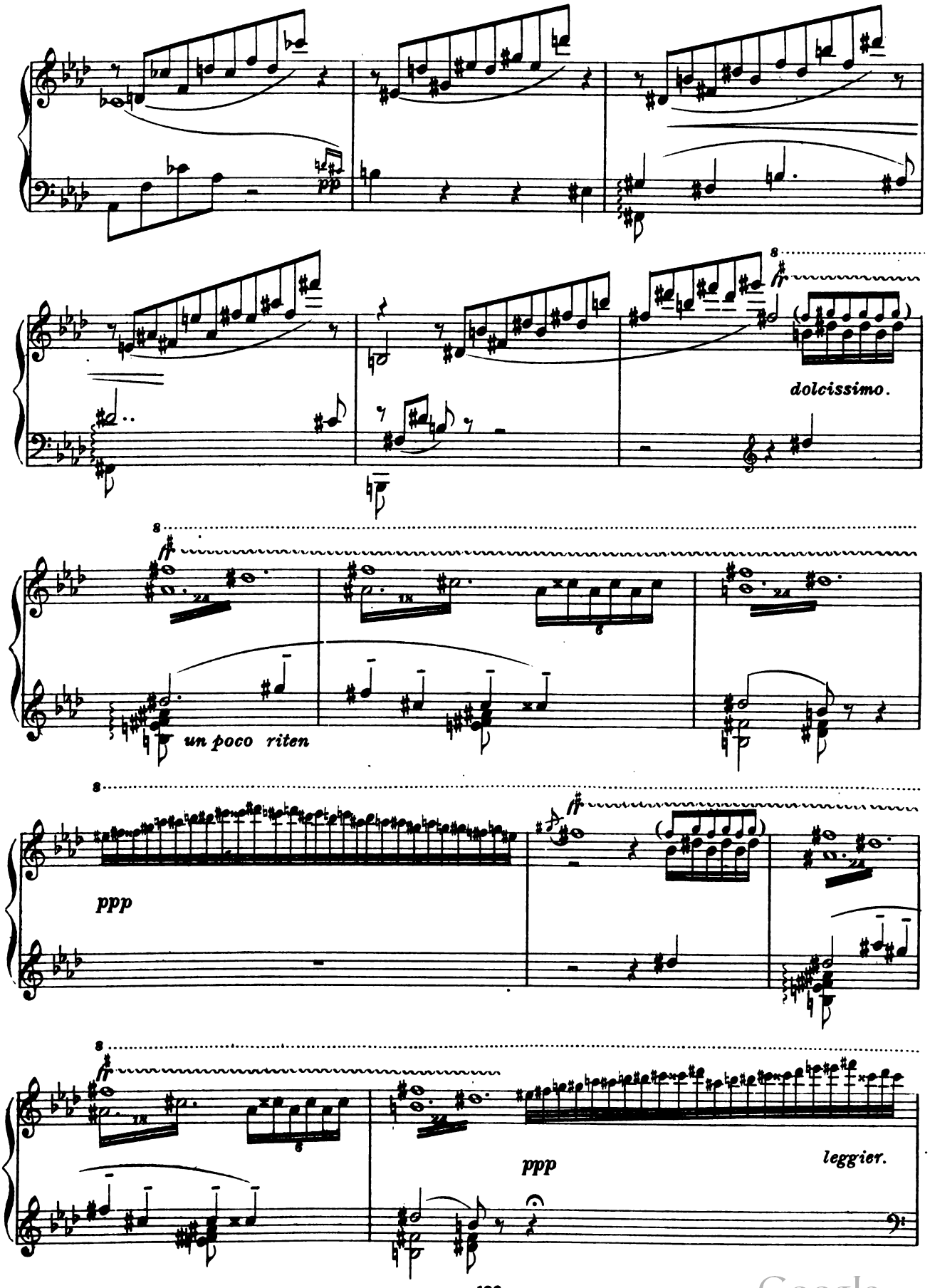

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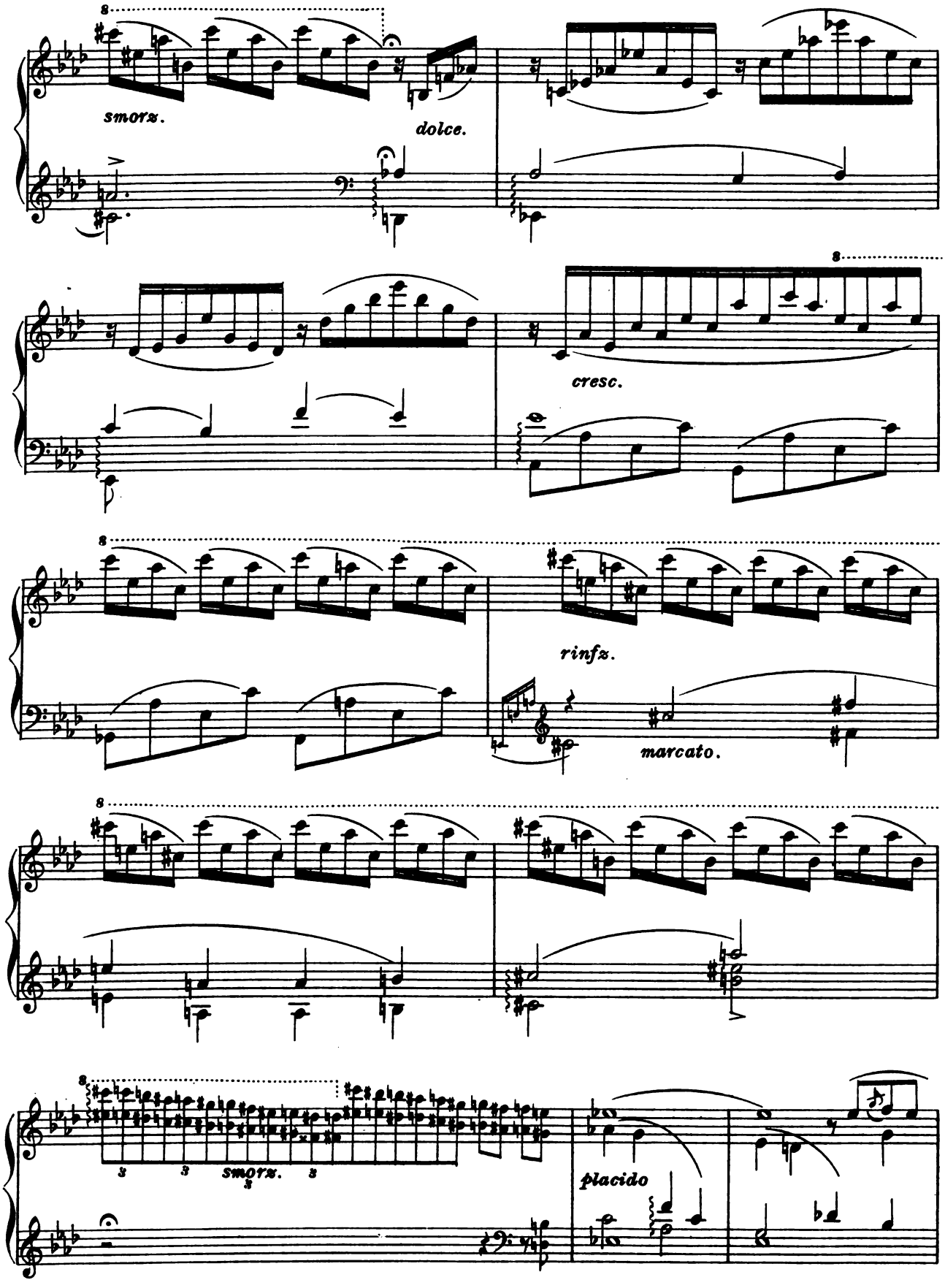

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VI. 'LIEBESTRÄUME' (LOVE-DREAMS)

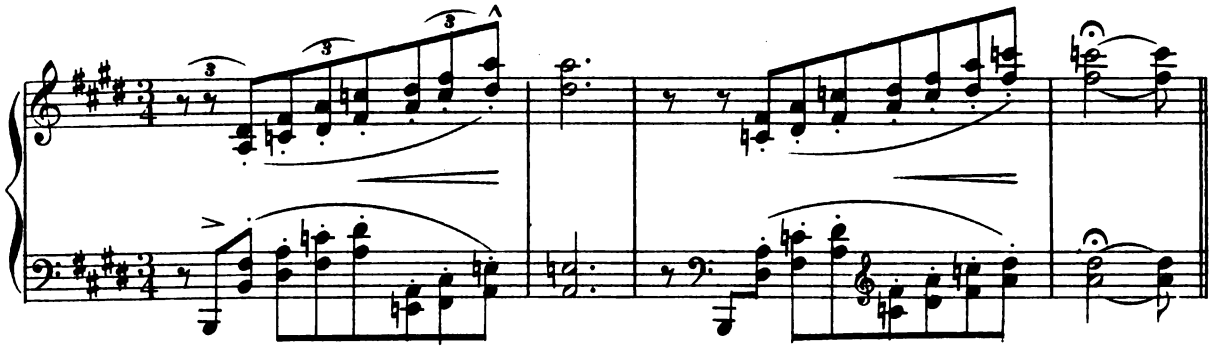
"BLISSFUL DEATH"

(After a Poem by Uhland)

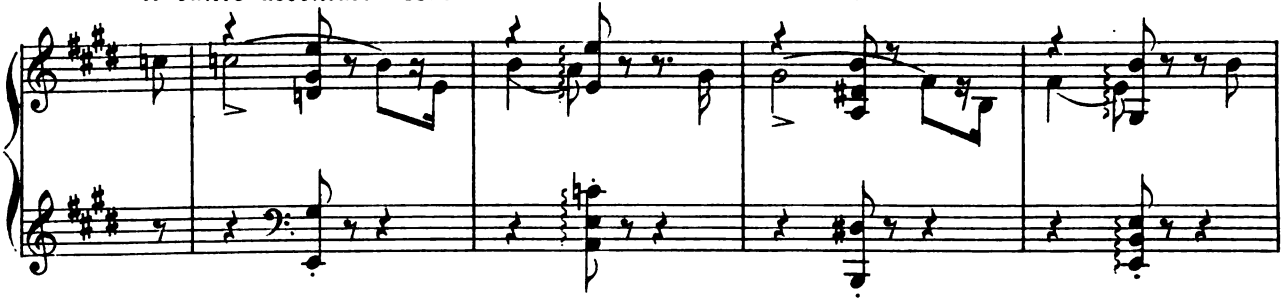
I was as dead
In Love's fond blisses,
And in her arms
Lay buried quite:

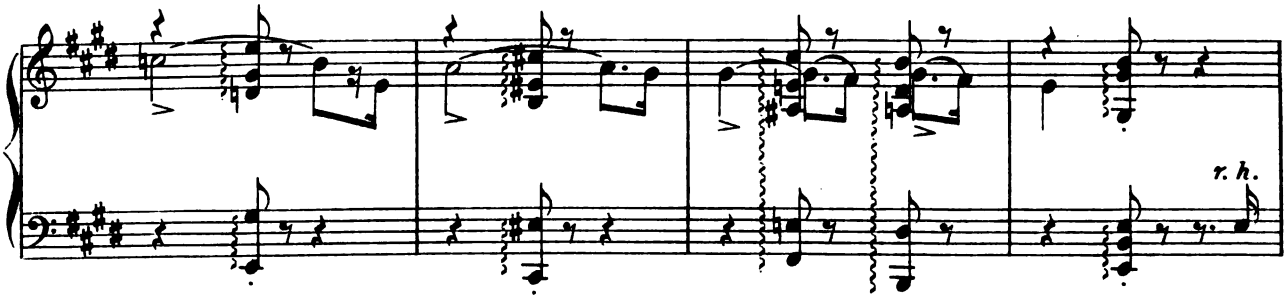
I was awakened
By her kisses,
And in her eyes
Saw heav'n's own light.

Quasi Lento, abbandonandosi.



il canto accentato assai.





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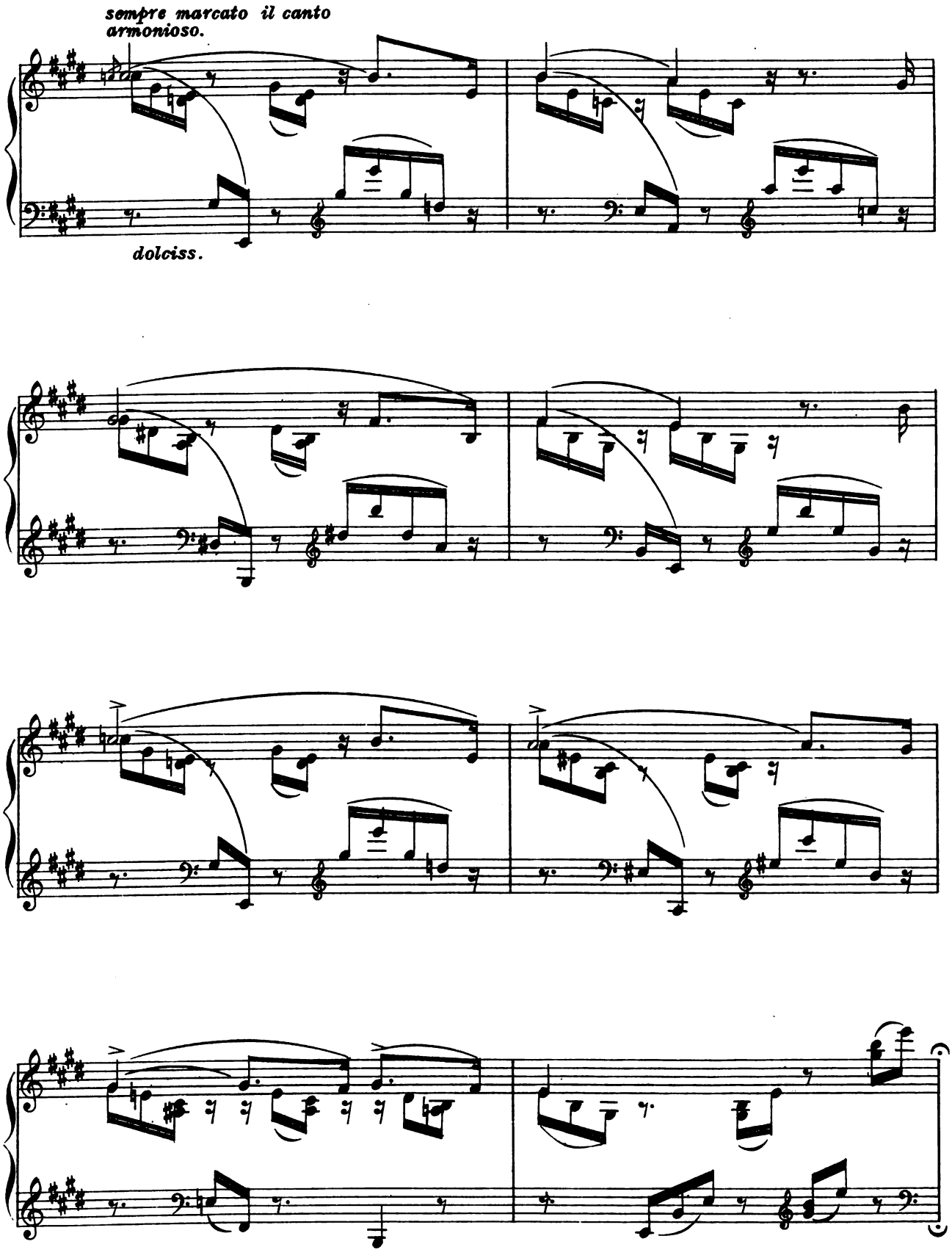

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

PURCELL

BORN 1658: DIED 1695

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HENRY PURCELL

This interesting and rare portrait of Purcell is here reproduced through the kindness of Mr. W. H. Hadow, of Worcester College, Oxford, who had it specially photographed from a pencil sketch, probably by Kneller, in the British Museum. It is far more reliable than the usual portrait taken in a wig, of the authenticity of which there is considerable doubt. This beautiful sketch reveals all the sensibility and ideality of Purcell's almost feminine face. It is interesting to remember that even as a boy the composer was spoken of as "that beautiful Purcell," and that in later years he was noted for his strikingly handsome face and large, intellectual head.

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HENRY

PURCELL

BORN 1658: DIED 1695

THAT Henry Purcell (the name is accented on the first syllable) was born in 1658 there can be no doubt, although it has not been possible as yet to discover any baptismal entry, nor with certainty the precise locality of his birthplace. His father, also named Henry, was acting in 'The Siege of Rhodes' in 1656, at the performances given by Sir William Davenant in a room behind Rutland House, Aldersgate Street, and probably resided near there, in the city of London. A search in the registers of the city parishes may some day reveal Purcell's birthplace. In the year following the birth of Purcell his father spent an afternoon in the company of Pepys, the diarist, and Matthew Locke, the musician. This is recorded by Pepys under date February 21, 1659: "After dinner I back to Westminster Hall—here I met with Mr. Lock and Pursell, masters of musique, and with them to the coffee-house, into a room next the water, by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two." In 1661 the father, and of course his son with him, lived in a house in the "Great Almonry South," and here they resided until 1664, when the father died, leaving his son to the care of an uncle, Thomas Purcell, who gladly accepted the responsibility. Thomas was a gentleman and lutanist of the Chapel Royal, and in favor with Charles II. and the court; he therefore immediately obtained admission for the child into the choir of the Chapel Royal, when, of course, the lad went to reside with the master of the boys, Captain Henry Cooke. For eight years Purcell had the advantage of Cooke's instruction, and that he profited by it is proved by various pieces of music; for example, 'Sweet Tyraness,' composed when he was nine years of age; another, when he was eleven years old, was 'The Address of the Children of the Chapel Royal to the King, and their Master, Captain Cooke, on his Majestie's Birthday, A.D. 1670, Composed by Master Purcell, one of the Children of the said Chapel.'

Many of his anthems now in use were composed before he was fifteen years of age, and the like may be said of the music to 'Macbeth.' When Purcell was fourteen years of age Cooke died, and the youthful composer

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then studied under Pelham Humfrey, a musical genius who had the good fortune to receive instruction from Lully in Paris. The association of Purcell and Humfrey lasted for two years only; the latter died in 1674. How much Purcell learned from him it is not possible to say, but it is significant that there exists an anthem by Humfrey, altered and improved by Purcell. When his voice broke he remained attached to the Chapel Royal, and received instruction from Dr. Blow, who succeeded to the mastership of the Chapel boys and was organist of Westminster Abbey. Through Blow's influence Purcell was appointed copyist to Westminster Abbey in 1676. Probably his official connection with the Chapel Royal then ceased, and he went to live with his Uncle Thomas, who resided amongst the nobility in Pall Mall. Purcell was at this time composing music for the theaters; maybe he was introduced to this kind of work by Locke, his father's and his own friend, whom he commemorated in a musical ode, entitled 'On the Death of his Worthy Friend, Mr. Matthew Locke, Musick Composer to His Majesty, and Organist of Her Majesties Chapel, who Dyed August, 1677.' In the following year Purcell resigned the copyistship at Westminster Abbey in order to devote his time to composition for theater and church. A letter written in 1679 by his uncle to one Gostling, of Canterbury Cathedral, speaks of Henry as his "son," who, he says, is composing music specially adapted for Gostling's exceptional voice. Gostling was a deep bass, and consequently in great request both at Canterbury and at the court in London. The letter, which proves that Purcell must by this time have made a reputation as a composer, is as follows:

Sir,—I have received the favor of yours of the 4th with the enclosed for my son Henry: I am sorry we are like to be without you so long as yours mentions: but 't is very likely you may have a summons to appear among us sooner than you imagine: for my son is composing wherein you will be chiefly concern'd. However, your occasions and tyes where you are must be considered, and your conveniences ever complied withall: in the meantime assure yourself I shall be careful of your concerns here by minding and refreshing our master's memory of his gracious promise when there is occasion. My wife returns thanks for your compliment, with her service; and pray you give both our respects and humble services to Dr. Belk and his lady, and believe ever that I am, Sir, your affectionate and humble servant,

T. PURCELL.

In 1680 Dr. Blow, in the most generous manner, resigned his appointment of organist of Westminster Abbey in favor of Purcell; and in the following year Purcell married Frances Peters, who was probably a daughter of "Thomas Peters, Gent., of St. Clement's Danes." Purcell was then much engaged in theatrical composition, and at about this time wrote his remarkable opera 'Dido and Æneas,' composed for performance by the young gentlewomen of Mr. Josias Priest's school in Chelsea. It was necessarily brief and compact; nevertheless, it is to all intents and purposes a complete opera, the whole of the words of the libretto being set to music. For such a bold experiment Purcell had no model or prec-

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edent, and, unhappily for us, no immediate successors or imitators. 'Dido and Æneas' was more than a century in advance of the musical taste of the age. In its melodies and harmonies may be found anticipations of Handel, Bach, and even Wagner.

Up to the time of his marriage Purcell continued to live with his uncle; but on taking to himself a wife he set up housekeeping, and in 1681 removed to Great St. Anne's Lane. From his house there he published his first set of sonatas for violins, bass, and harpsichord—a collection valuable not only on account of the remarkable superiority and excellence of the music, but also because it contains a very interesting and significant preface from the pen of the composer, and, moreover, a fine portrait of Purcell, with the intimation that it represented him in the twenty-fourth year of his age. We know that this publication was ready for issue in the beginning of the year 1683, and therefore the portrait must have been taken in 1682, a fact which establishes the year of his birth.

In 1682 Purcell was appointed organist of the Chapel Royal. He was at this time most industrious, full of labors in teaching, performing, and composing; he also found time to make copies of the works of his contemporaries, as may be seen in a volume now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, in which he has written "God bless Mr. Henry Purcell, September ye 10th, 1682." His activity and energy must have been remarkable and very exhausting for a man with a delicate constitution. In addition to his duties as composer and organist of the Chapels Royal and of Westminster Abbey, he was constantly composing for the theater, church, and chamber, and also writing odes for St. Cecilia's day and various court festivals. He also took an active part with Father Smith in connection with the erection of a new organ in the Temple Church, which was constructed with extra keys and had separate notes for G-sharp, A-flat, D-sharp, E-flat, probably inserted at Purcell's request to facilitate his bold modulation into extreme keys. Subsequently he superintended the placing of an organ in Westminster Abbey for use at the coronation of James II. in 1685, and also composed two anthems for the occasion. It is curious to note that only a few years later a tune of Purcell's composition was one of the chief factors in driving that "deluded prince out of three kingdoms" —for such is said to have been the effect of the 'Lilliburlero.'

The list of his works up to 1690 includes various Royal Odes, the 'Yorkshire Feast Song,' music for 'The Tempest,' the 'Massacre of Paris,' 'Amphitryon,' and 'Dioclesian.' The latter opera was published by subscription, with a preface by the composer. It achieved a great success, and was almost immediately followed by 'King Arthur;' this was followed by 'The Indian Queen,' which proved equally successful. For the festival of St. Cecilia, November 22, 1692, Purcell wrote a fine ode which was received "with universal applause, particularly the second stanza, which was sung with indescribable grace by Mr. Purcell himself." For a later Cecilia Festival, 1694, he composed his magnificent orchestral 'Te Deum and Jubilate in D,' and in the following year the music for the funeral of Queen Mary.

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She died December 28, 1694, but was not buried until March 5 following. The day was bitterly cold, snow fell, and the Abbey itself must have been a dangerous place for an invalid. There were no means of heating the building, which seems to have been improperly glazed, for we read that a little robin which had sought refuge in the church from the inclement weather constantly flew down and perched on the hearse. The music Purcell composed for the occasion is most expressive, and, like the music composed by the dying Mozart, served for his own obsequies, which took place in the Abbey a few months later. Never robust, he had long been ailing, and probably took a chill, which hastened the consumption of which he died on Wednesday, November 21, 1695. He was buried on the night of the following Tuesday in Westminster Abbey.—CONDENSED FROM MR. W. A. CUMMINGS IN THE 'MUSICAL TIMES,' NOVEMBER, 1895

OF Purcell's private character little is positively known, though, as is usual in the case of famous men, some slander has been circulated. Mr. John Tower, in his interesting essay on Purcell, writes as follows:

"Of course there is the usual and inevitable crop of slanderous charges and worse innuendos touching Purcell's domestic affairs and private character. According to one of these, Purcell was not even an honest man, and was, at least once, taken to task by the dean and canons of Westminster for pocketing fees which, so they said, belonged to them. According to another, he was little better than a confirmed drunken profligate, who made his wife and children wretched by his sottishness and neglect. According to a third, his wife was next door to a murderess, since she caused her husband's death by refusing to admit him into the house on his return from one of his usual drunken carousals, keeping him freezing on the door-step through the long winter night.

"Instead of wasting time in controverting this mischievous nonsense, raked up, after a peaceful slumber of close on two hundred years, by untrustworthy critics, it will be more profitable to trace briefly the true features of Purcell's character. It cannot be denied that he was of a jovial, social disposition, and in the habit of passing merry musical evenings with a select circle of kindred spirits at certain cozy hostelries, the best known of which were, perhaps, 'Owen Swan's,' in Bartholomew Lane, and 'Purcell's Head,' in Wych Street, in the Strand. This is the sum total of Purcell's offenses in the direction of profligacy, and by no means very serious when the manners and customs of the age in which he lived are considered. The almost cruel austerity of the Puritans, it should be remembered, had been followed by the wild excesses and undisguised immorality of the Restoration, and thus Purcell was living in the midst of an age when, to quote Macaulay, there was 'servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love; dwarfish talents and gigantic vices; the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds; the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave.' Whatever his shortcomings may have been, the charge of

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cruelty and neglect toward his wife and family is totally devoid of foundation. On the contrary, there is abundant available proof that he was a loving and devoted husband and father.

"Not the least important link in this proof is his last will and testament, written, or at least signed, on the very day of his death. By this instrument he bequeaths, in endearing and touching terms, the whole of his earthly possessions to his 'loveing wife, Frances Purcell, absolutely,' and appoints her sole executrix. She too, in turn, during the eleven years she survived him, showed in many ways how dearly she cherished her husband's memory and fame. To show how sacredly she regarded his wishes, she specifically mentions in her will that she has religiously fulfilled them all, chiefly by having given to 'her deare son good education . . . alsoe all the books of Musick, the organ, the double spinett, the single spinett, . . . according to my husband's desire.' Besides this Purcell not only retained to the end of his days all his royal and other appointments, but also the personal friendship of quite a number of the leading members of the nobility.

"The last and best proof, however, of Purcell's innocence of the many shortcomings attributed to him is the vast store of really good and enduring work which is crowded into the twenty years of his active professional life. What the full extent of this work was will probably never be accurately ascertained, as comparatively little of Purcell's music has been published, and his manuscripts have, in many cases, been irretrievably lost. Sufficient have been preserved, however, to demonstrate that he must have been an indefatigable worker. From his eighteenth year onward he produced, in marvelously rapid succession, works innumerable for the church, the theater, and the concert-room. Apart altogether from their uniformly great excellence, these compositions stamp Purcell as one of the few men of his day who had but little time for anything beyond obeying the promptings of his genius and the demands made on him by his high calling."

THE ART OF PURCELL

Joseph Bennett — *'The Musical Times' 1895*

FIRST among English composers Purcell recognized and worked out the connection between the word and the tone upon which, a hundred and fifty years later, Wagner so strongly insisted. His contemporaries generally used words as a mere vehicle for music, not regarding them as essentially connected therewith. Purcell deemed it his first business so to adapt the music that the words should derive therefrom all possible strength and

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significance. . . . Every accent is studied; every important word made musically conspicuous. The cue to this great change was found, no doubt, in Italian vocal music; but it is the distinction of Purcell that he dealt successfully with a much less flexible and gracious tongue than that of Carissimi and Stradella, and, before all others, showed its capabilities in alliance with song. How just were his views of that alliance we know from his own testimony in the preface to 'Dioclesian.' After styling music "the exaltation of poetry," Purcell adds: "Both of them may excel apart, but surely they are most excellent when they are joyn'd, because nothing is then wanting to either of their proportions: for thus they appear like Wit and Beauty in the same person." No union could be closer than that indicated by the figure here chosen.

Purcell did not shrink from extending the bounds of form; but his daring is most conspicuous in his harmony, which must have greatly shocked the pedantic ears of his generation. No admirer and student of Purcell would undertake to defend the master's procedure in every case; when a man launches out into the unknown his ignorance of the way almost inevitably causes mistakes. But I prefer to look at Purcell, not as offending pedantic ears, or as occasionally making a false step, but as a young giant, conscious of strength, trying to free himself from bondage.

Greatest of all the Purcell expansions is that most difficult to define. One can tell with ease how the old English master clothed his muse in more graceful robes of melody; how he varied and heightened the harmony of her speech; and how, from regions before unexplored, he brought, with here and there a pebble, offering of strange gems wherewith to adorn her. But music has qualities not so palpable—qualities rather to be felt than perceived, which steal past the senses unnoticed, and are recognized only when the soul of the art touches and mingles with the soul of its votary. Every musician knows what I mean by these words, and is conscious of the indefinable, but none the less real, impression which great music conveys we scarcely know how, and certainly cannot explain by reference to technicalities. Despite much in Purcell's works which belongs to the fashion of the time, and much other hardly to be classed as specially distinctive, I know scarcely one example absolutely wanting in the note of genius—in that sublime trumpet-call which summons every hearer to attention, and subdues him to its will.—CONDENSED

C. Hubert H. Parry *'National Review' 1895*

THE year 1680 was notable for the production of a work which marks Purcell, beyond doubt, as the composer of the highest and most remarkable powers in Europe at that moment. His 'Dido and Æneas,' which appeared in that year, when compared with all the operatic work which preceded it, is a phenomenon which is almost inexplicable. It is practically the first work of its kind which is presentable on its own merits to a modern audience.

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It must be confessed that Purcell was under great obligations to Carissimi for important examples of style and form and types of expression and method which he found worthy to follow. But for one trait, which is conspicuous in 'Dido and Æneas,' he sought neither example nor type from any foreigner. His solo tunes, both in 'Dido and Æneas' and in other operas, are quite unique. They have a ring as though he had saturated himself early with the best popular tunes of his English home, and they are wedded so closely to the words that the rhythm and the melodic formulas seem to spring from the natural accent with which the phrases should be declaimed. These tunes make a very prominent feature in his music written for the stage, but he is in no wise behind the best of the foreign masters in expressive recitative. This was a line in which Carissimi excelled, and Purcell may have been inspired to attempt such effects as he produced by the example of the great Italian; and there are passages in which Purcell showed himself at least his equal. Purcell's position in relation to choruses is also very notable. In 'Dido and Æneas,' as well as in 'King Arthur' and 'Dioclesian,' there are many choral movements which show an adequate sense of choral effect; and premonitions are not scanty of the choral style which becomes familiar in the age of Handel. Perhaps most noteworthy of all his gifts is the extraordinary sense he displays for that highest kind of immediate expression which is obtainable by effects of harmony. The harmony of Italian masters was fluent, and had an air of eminent artistic respectability, but it was limited in range and devoid of character and point. The French composers were even rather behind Italy in this respect; for their strength lay mainly in rhythm and dramatic declamation. But in England composers showed a singular aptitude for that feature of musical art which in later days has become the most marked trait of the Germans; and Purcell, in the matter of harmonic effect, leaped at once to a point which shows that he possessed genius of the highest order. Though the standard of contemporary art was so low, he divined means of harmonic expression which have absolutely no parallel in the century in which he lived, and which, even in these days of rash harmonic speculation, often have the ring of being fresh and novel. All these excellences he shows most remarkably in his early opera, which, according to trustworthy tradition, was originally written for a ladies' school.

In instrumental music, backward as that branch of art was in his time, his achievements are by no means to be despised. It is clear that he eagerly sought out all the works of composers who had any instinct or reputation for instrumental writing, and read them with a keen insight into the possibilities their attempts suggested. He wrote sonatas for groups of strings, with figured bass for harpsichord, on similar lines to the still famous sonatas of Corelli; and some of them, though not of such suave and finished character as those of the Italian master, are still valuable for points of force and invention, and for remarkable strokes in the line of impressive and complex harmonies. He also wrote suites for harp-

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sichord, of no small importance in the history of that form of art which came to its highest perfection in the hands of John Sebastian Bach. There was, indeed, hardly any known form of musical art which he did not attempt, and in no case did he fail to reach, if he did not surpass, the highest standard of his age.

Purcell speaks for English people, and his style is so far the most consistent and genuine type of English music in its widest application. No doubt foreign influences are apparent in his work. The influences exerted upon him in his most impressionable days made that inevitable, as well as the lack of any English models of many forms of art. But he infused the whole of his music with characteristics which have always marked the best kind of English work. He shows the freshness and directness, the naturalness and openness, the temper that breathes of the open air of the country and loves action better than brooding. He is more inclined to be strong and characteristic than to be tender, to be merry rather than melancholy. His inexhaustible gift of characteristic, fresh, and genial melody, with harmonies that are strong, and sometimes even crabbed and hard, is all genuinely national; and if his striking effects of pure harmony seem less so, that may possibly be because English composers since his time have sometimes missed their vocation.

His faults there is no need to disguise; they spring from the extreme immaturity of art in his time, and from the perverse influences to which he was subjected. He had no good or masterly models to follow, nor standards to check his experiments by. He fell into innocent and childish absurdities at times, into extreme crudities at others; and the force of bad example occasionally led him into a certain commonness of expression. But the hand of the master shows through all the limitations his conditions imposed upon him. His style has the consistency and unity of a strong nature, and though one of the earliest of the composers of the modern order of music, there is more that is genuinely alive in his work than in that of many famous musicians of several generations later. So wide is the truth of what he uttered that men still feel the ready response which implies that his thoughts and emotions are theirs too—that though he spoke so long ago, what he said is what men still would say if they had a gift of utterance such as his was; and still more, that what he said was worth saying, and, in spite of many hindrances, was often splendidly expressed.

Dr. Charles Burney *'A General History of Music' 1789*

MUSIC was manifestly on the decline in England during the seventeenth century, till it was revived and invigorated by Purcell, whose genius, though less cultivated and polished, was equal to that of the greatest masters on the continent. And though his dramatic style and recitative were formed in a great measure on French models, there is a latent power and force in

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his expression of English words, whatever be the subject, that will make an unprejudiced native of that island feel more than all the elegance, grace, and refinement of modern music, less happily applied, can do. And this pleasure is communicated to us, not by the symmetry or rhythm of modern melody, but by his having fortified, lengthened, and tuned the true accents of our mother-tongue—those notes of passion which an inhabitant of England would breathe in such situations as the words he has to set describe. And these indigenous expressions of passion Purcell had the power to enforce by the energy of modulation, which, on some occasions, was bold, affecting, and sublime.

THE modern music-lover approaching Purcell is likely to be impressed first of all by the quaintness of his style, the antique cut of his melodies, and the thinness of his harmony. If one of our great-grandfathers were to step out of his frame in the family portrait-gallery, we should for a while be deterred from conversing easily and naturally with him, as with another human being, by an uneasy sense of the oddity of his costume and manners. The sense of strangeness, however, provided he were a truly genial and delightful old man, would quickly wear off, and we should forget the wig and the knee-breeches and the large shoe-buckles, the old-world elegance and formality of demeanor, in our pleasure in the hearty human converse.

So it is in listening to Purcell. The graces and ornaments and furbelows of his melody cannot hide its simple directness and beauty; nor can the thinness of his harmony make us forget its rare appropriateness and its occasional poignancy of expression. We soon forget how he speaks to us, to remember only that he does speak, and that, after all the years, he speaks to us. As vain is it to "fly from love's sickness" in the twentieth century as it was in the seventeenth, and Purcell's assertion of the fact is as appealing now as it was when he made it. Dido's lament will long continue to impress all sensitive hearts and ears, however much the current harmonic idiom may advance beyond its standards of complexity.

It is the combination of universal and perennial feeling with quaint local and transitory modes of expression in Purcell's music that gives it its peculiar charm. That charm can never entirely evaporate, so long as we care for what is impressive and sincere, and are amused by what carries with it a faint but distinctive aroma of other times and places.

—THE EDITOR

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THE WORKS OF PURCELL

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

I.–IV. Four Pieces for Harpsichord

THE only pieces for the harpsichord or the spinet, the precursors of the modern pianoforte, published by Purcell himself, were some "lessons" contributed by him to a collection published by one Playford under the title 'Musick's Handmaid.' But after Purcell's death his widow published, in 1696, a 'Choice Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord or Spinnet, composed by the late Mr. Henry Purcell,' etc., etc. A copy of the original small oblong volume may be seen at the Lenox Library in New York, and an interesting relic it is. First comes a dedication, as follows:

To Her Royal Highness the Princess of Denmark.

Your Highness's Generous Encouragement of my deceas'd Husband's Performances in Musick, together with the great Honour your Highness has don that Science, in your Choice of that Instrument, for which the following Compositions were made; will I hope Justifie to the World, or at least excuse to your Goodness, this Presumption of Laying both them and my Self at your Highness's Feet. This Madam is the highest Honour I can pay to his Memory; for Certainly, it cannot be more advantageously recommended either to the Present, or Future Age, than by your Highness's Patronage which as it was the Greatest Ambition of his Life, so it will be the only comfort of his Death to,

Your Highness's most Obedient Humble Servant,

Frances Purcell.

Next follow several pages of directions for playing the harpsichord, together with a 'Scale of the Gamut,' an 'Example of Time or the Length of Notes,' and some 'Rules for Graces.' The music itself is engraved carefully, though quaintly, and is written on a staff of six, instead of five, lines. Another curiosity to modern readers is that the compass of the harpsichord was but four octaves and a note, and the colors of the keys were reversed, what we know as white keys being black, and the inner keys, for the semitones, being white. The sounds of the harpsichord were so faint and brief that in order to get any effect of sustained tone at all it was necessary to resort to shakes, "beats," "fore falls," "back falls," turns, and such like graces, which substituted a series of short sounds for a single long one. In rendering this music on the modern piano many of the graces may be omitted, as no longer needed to ensure sonority.

The four pieces from the 'Choice Collection' here given are reprinted (by kind permission) from the edition of 'Ten Pianoforte Pieces' of Purcell published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., in which the harmonies are somewhat enriched, and the graces written out in full instead of indicated by signs.

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I. *Minuet.* The first is a graceful Minuet on a quaintly archaic theme. Care should be taken to play the ornaments in such a way as not to interfere with the main accented notes, as for example in measures 6, 7, and 8, where the pairs of grace-notes should be deftly tucked in *before* the beat, not *upon* it.

II. *Cebell.* "Cebell" is a name applied to a kind of air the phrases of which alternate between a high and a low range. The reader will note this effect of contrasting ranges in the present Cebell, especially towards the end. It is also sometimes called 'Trumpet Tune,' from the fact that the melody at first moves entirely on the tones of the common chord, which are the only ones possessed by the trumpet, so that the air sounds much like a bugle-call. The fresh quality of the whole piece is very characteristic of the English school.

III. *Almande.* The "Almande" (same as Allemande) is a simple dance-movement in 4-4 time, full of quaint contrasts of loud and soft, which should be carefully rendered.

IV. *Siciliano.* "Siciliano" is a name applied to a dance of the Sicilian peasants, in 6-8 time, and of a graceful undulating character. It answers well enough to describe this dance of Purcell's, which, like the Minuet and the Cebell, is without individual title in the 'Choice Collection.' Especially charming here are the cadences. There is no dominant chord introducing the tonic, but the movement as it were hovers and settles down on the tonic chord each time, as a butterfly settles on a flower. The player should make a slight retard at each cadence, and give the tonic chord with a slight roll, as marked, and most deliberately.

V. 'Lilliburlero'

THE story of the famous political song 'Lilliburlero' is a curious and impressive one, exemplifying the extraordinary power that a mere tune may have in firing popular enthusiasms and shaping history.

In 1686 Purcell published in 'The Delightful Companion,' (a very rare book) a march and a quickstep, which soon became very popular in the army. In the same year the Earl of Tyrconnel, a "furious papist," was nominated lord-lieutenant of Ireland by King James II., and two years later, in spite of his unpopularity, he was named again. It was at that time (1688) that Lord Wharton, viceroy of Ireland, took advantage of the popular favor in which Purcell's quickstep was held to write for it some doggerel verses satirizing the king, beginning,—

"Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burléro bullen a la!
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burléro bullen a la!
Lero! Lero! lilli burléro, lero, lero, bullen a la,
Lero! Lero! lilli burléro, lero, lero, bullen a la!"

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The song thus compounded had an enormous vogue. "The whole army," says Bishop Burnet, "and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually, and perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." It is said to have contributed not a little to the great revolution of 1688; and Lord Wharton was wont to boast that with it he "sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms," although the truth is probably that the charm of the melody had as much to do with the great vogue of the song as its words.

The quickstep was reprinted by Purcell in 'Musick's Handmaid,' referred to above, in 1689, under the title, 'A New Irish Tune.' Three repetitions of the melody were written out, the second being in the bass. It is in this later form that the famous tune is here reproduced.

The reader will not fail to note the swing of the whole melody; the daring effect of the F-natural in the third measure of the second system; and the fine gradual climax of the whole third system, reaching its acme at the mezzo-forte four measures from the end. The left hand must predominate throughout the second stanza, where it carries the air, the right playing very softly and unobtrusively. The third stanza is like the first.

'Lilliburlero' remains in use to this day in the north of Ireland as a party tune, besides having a literary immortality, being mentioned by Sterne in 'Tristram Shandy,' and by various English dramatists. It certainly deserves its popularity.

VI. "I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly" From 'The Indian Queen'

PROBABLY 'I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly' is Purcell's most familiar composition. It is reprinted in many collections, and occasionally sung in song recitals even to this day. This charming song, which has been called "one of the most beautiful pieces of tender and expressive melody that ever flowed from the mind of a musician," originally made part of the music to 'The Indian Queen,' the text by Sir Robert Howard and Dryden, produced in 1692. In form it is a simple rondo, the refrain occurring three times, with two episodes interpolated. The simplicity and beauty of the melody will be patent to every one. The ornamental setting of the word "fly" has been considered a bit of program-music, expressive of actual flying. It is undeniable that Purcell sometimes resorted to these childish tricks; but in view of the fact that the passage justifies itself musically, and that there is an almost exactly similar one to the word "yellow" in the song, 'Come Unto these Yellow Sands,' where there can obviously be no representative intention, we may safely acquit Purcell of the puerility. The singer may indulge in a little declamation at "No more now" (page 25) and "For love has more power" (page 26), but for the most part the rendition should be quiet and fluently melodious.

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VII. "Come Unto these Yellow Sands" *From 'The Tempest'*

'COME Unto these Yellow Sands' is a setting of Ariel's delightful song in Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' which was "adapted for the stage" by Shadwell, and supplied with incidental music by Purcell in 1690. Hogarth, in his 'Memoirs of the Musical Drama,' well says of it, "Nothing can be more exquisite than the fairy lightness of Ariel's little song, with its wild and simple burden." The accompanist should be careful to temper his staccato with a little pedal, that it be not too jerky or thin.

VIII. "I'll Sail upon the Dog-star" *From 'The Fool's Preferment'*

'I'LL Sail upon the Dog-star' is in a more boisterous, rollicking vein. Its vigor and precision are contagious if it be rendered with the proper dash and accuracy. The final cadence, "Let all the nation judge it," is particularly irresistible. This song made part of the incidental music to Thomas D'Urfey's comedy, 'The Fool's Preferment,' produced in 1688.

All Purcell's songs are admirable for the care with which he adjusts the music to the natural inflections and accents of the text (a matter in which the great Handel was much his inferior) and for the fine appropriateness in every respect of his settings, which has already been sufficiently commented upon in the criticism by Mr. Joseph Bennett cited above.

IX. Recitative and Air *From 'Dido and Æneas'*

THE composition of the opera 'Dido and Æneas' is probably the most remarkable single feat that Purcell ever accomplished. Although he was only twenty-two years old at the time he wrote it (not nineteen, as stated by Sir John Hawkins, the famous musical historian), and although he had no adequate models to work from, he produced a surprisingly complete and artistic specimen of what we have come in later days to name "music-drama." "The opera is short," says Mr. Cummings, "yet we cannot but recognize the fact that had there been a public demand for absolute music-drama, or even a proper appreciation of a work cast in such a mold, the composer had arisen who possessed the necessary genius, inspiration, and feeling for building up a school of opera which would have proved a model for his own and succeeding generations. But the time was not ripe for such a development. Purcell, like many other gifted mortals, lived before his time, and thus his perfect specimen of music-drama remains unique. So far as we know he never attempted another such work."

If Purcell was before his time in his use of the form of *opera seria* (opera with the dialogues sung rather than spoken) he was even more so in the actual texture of his work, and especially in the subtlety, daring,

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and expressiveness of his harmony. We hardly know whether to wonder more at the masterly simplicity or at the occasional hardihood of his harmonic devices. They are modern in their poignancy, but in their reserve, moderation, and congruity they are better than modern—they are classical.

The Recitative and Air included in the Selections constitute Dido's much admired death-scene at the end of the piece, of which Mr. Fuller-Maitland writes that "it has never been excelled for pathos."

The Recitative is in a simple and yet impressive style. The declamation is excellent, the important words being emphasized and the others left unobtrusive. The harmony is notable chiefly for its simplicity. Purcell makes, for instance, an effect at once poignant and full of fine reserve by the succession of the major and the minor chords at the words, "Death invades me. Death is now a welcome guest." A modern composer would not, one fears, have set these words with so marked a discretion.

The Air is composed on what is known as a "ground-bass"—that is to say, upon a set formula in the bass part, reiterated again and again throughout the piece. The device was popular with composers of Purcell's day as a means of obtaining unity of effect; its danger, of course, was monotony. Purcell well avoids the snare. His melody constantly changes, and even his harmony is various and ever fresh. One may note especially the modulation to the key of D-minor at the second "Remember me" (page 37), which it would be hard to surpass for exquisite beauty and tenderness; and at the rise of the voice to G at the third recurrence of the words the tenderness is exalted into passion. The postlude is very lovely; and particularly fine is the avoidance of the cadence one naturally expects in the eighth measure of page 38. Instead of stopping tamely on a tonic chord Purcell forces his way through the key of D-minor, and finally comes to his cadence at the end of the piece with a finality and satisfactoriness enhanced by the momentary evasion.

X. The 'Golden Sonata'

THE 'Ten Sonatas of Four Parts,' of which the "Golden Sonata," so called for its especial excellence, is the ninth, were published by Purcell's widow after his death. In general style, however, they are so very like his 'Sonatas of Three Parts' that the remarks he appended to the earlier work have great interest for the student of the later one. In his preface to the 'Sonatas of Three Parts' he writes, in part, as follows:

Ingenuous Reader: Instead of an elaborate harangue on the beauty and the charms of Musick (which after all the learned Encomions that words can contrive commends it self best by the performances of a skilful hand, and an angelical voice:) I shall say but a very few things by way of Preface, concerning the following Book, and its Author: for its Author, he has faithfully endeavour'd a just imitation of the most fam'd Italian Masters; prin-

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I. MINUET

FOR THE HARPSICHORD

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II. CEBELL

FOR THE HARPSICHORD

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III. ALMANDE

FOR THE HARPSICHORD

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IV. SICILIANO

FOR THE HARPSICHORD

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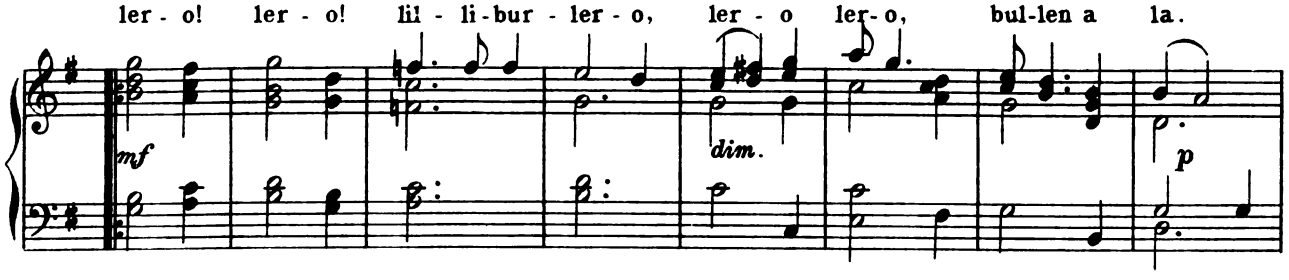
V. 'LILLIBURLERO'

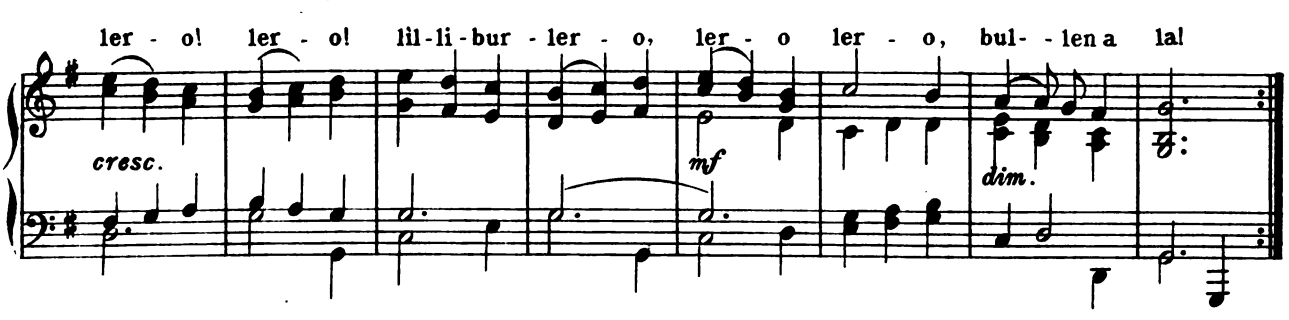
Allegretto. ♩ = 108.

Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de de - cree? Lil-li-bur-ler - o bul-len a la!
Dat we shall have a new dep-u - tie? Lil-li-bur-ler - o bul-len a la!

ler - o! ler - o! lil - li-bur - ler - o, ler - o ler-o, bul-len a la.



ler - o! ler - o! lil-li-bur - ler - o, ler - o ler - o, bul- - len a la!



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VI. "I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly"

From 'The Indian Queen'

Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

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p
p
rall.
vain, Since I am my - self my own fe - ver, since I am my - self my own
rall.
f
a tempo
p
fe - ver and pain. No more now, no more now fond heart With
a tempo
pp
f
pride no more swell, Thou canst not raise forc - es, thou
rall.
p
a tempo
canst not raise forc - es, e - nough to re - bel. I at - tempt from love's
rall.
p
a tempo

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p
p
sick - ness to fly in vain, Since I am my - self my own
rall.
f
fe - ver, since I am my - self my own fe - ver and pain.
rall.
f
For love has more
f
dim.
pow'r and less mer - cy than fate, To make us seek
p

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rall.
ru - in, to make us seek ru - in, and love those that
rall.
pp
hate. I at - tempt from love's sick - ness to fly
in vain, Since I am my - self my own
p
rall.
fe - ver, since I am my - self my own fe - ver and pain.
rall.
colla voce

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VII. "COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"

FROM 'THE TEMPEST'

SHAKESPEARE.

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p
there take hands: Come un - to these yel - - - - -
Court - sied when you have
pp
- - low sands And there take hands: Foot it feat - ly
and kiss'd The wild waves whist.
f
here and there, And let sweet sprites the bur - den bear,

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VIII. "I'LL SAIL UPON THE DOG-STAR"

FROM 'THE FOOL'S PREFERMENT'

TOM DURFEY.

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then pur-sue, and then pur-sue the morn-ing. I'll chase the
f
Moon till it be noon, I'll chase the Moon till it be
noon, but I'll make, I'll make her leave her Horn-ing.
f
I'll climb the frost-y moun-tain, I'll climb the frost-y

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moun - tain, and there I'll coin the wea - ther. I'll
f
tear the Rain - bow from the sky, I'll tear the
rit.
rall.
Rain - bow from the sky, and tye, and tye both
rit.
rall.
ends to - geth-er. The stars pluck from their orbs too, the
a tempo

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stars pluck from their orbs too, And crowd them in my bud-get.
ff
And whether I'm a roar - - - - - - - - - ing boy,
a roar - - - - - - - ing boy, let all,
f
rit.
ad lib.
let all the na - - - tion judge it.
colla voce

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IX. RECITATIVE AND AIR

FROM 'DIDO AND ÆNEAS'

RECITATIVE

NAHUM TATE.

Largo. pp
Thy hand, Be-lin-da, dark - - - - - ness shades me: On thy
pp
bo - som let me rest: More I would, but Death in -
pp
vades me: Death is now a wel - come guest.

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IX. RECITATIVE AND AIR

FROM 'DIDO AND ÆNEAS'

AIR

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When I am laid, am laid in earth, may my
pp
wrongs cre - ate No trou - ble, no trou-ble in thy
pp
breast, Re - mem-ber me, re - mem - ber me,
pp
pp
f
but ah! for - - get my fate. Re - mem-ber me, but

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X. THE 'GOLDEN SONATA'

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

JOHANN STRAUSS

BORN 1825: DIED 1899

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JOHANN STRAUSS

Johann Strauss had something the look of a man of the world and good liver, and something that of the artist and man of genius. His face is instinct with energy, strength of will, executive ability, yet there is a sensibility about the mouth and a penetration in the eye that save it from being merely the face of a man of affairs. Perhaps its dominant quality is nervous force, intellectual alertness, and animation. The portrait here reproduced is from one of his latest photographs.

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JOHANN

STRAUSS

BORN 1825: DIED 1899

THE career of Johann Strauss is an interesting example of the truth that genius in any line of work, however alien to the ordinary expression, will win the recognition of the great artists and the appreciative public. It is not the cultivated man, but the Philistine, who demands that the work shall be on accustomed lines or according to the rules of pedantry. The great artists are the first to recognize perfection and beauty in the unimportant or unconventional forms, and are eager to hail the genius who creates supremely—little things. In his long and busy life Strauss made but one essay into what may be called the serious field of music. Aside from that departure, he wrote nothing but dance music and light opera; yet his skill in his province was so consummate and his genius so unmistakable that musicians are glad to accord him a fitting place in their rank of honor. It is interesting, especially in the letters and diaries of some of the great artists, to read the contemporary comments on his work. Wagner wrote: "A single Strauss waltz surpasses in grace, refinement, and real musical substance most of the products of foreign manufacture which we often import at great cost." Hans von Bülow publicly advocated the occasional inclusion of Strauss's waltzes in the programs of symphony concerts; and Brahms wrote in an album, under the opening measures of 'The Blue Danube' waltz: "Not, unfortunately, by Johannes Brahms." Indeed, by rare good fortune, Strauss's genius gained him recognition as the peer of the artists as well as the idol of the public.

Both his genius and his popularity were largely an inheritance from his father, the first Johann Strauss, of whom Berlioz wrote fifty years ago: "And then there is Strauss conducting his fine orchestra; and when the new waltzes he writes expressly for each fashionable ball turn out successfully the dancers stop to applaud him, the ladies approach the platform and throw him bouquets, and he is recalled at the end of the quadrilles. Thus there is no jealousy between dancing and music; each shares with the other in its pleasure and success. This is only fair, for Strauss is an artist. The influence he has already exercised over musical feeling

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throughout Europe in introducing cross rhythms into waltzes is not sufficiently appreciated. So piquant is the effect that the dancers themselves have already sought to imitate it by creating the deux-temps waltz, although the music itself has kept the triple rhythm. If, out of Germany, the public at large can be induced to understand the singular charm frequently resulting from the opposition and super-position of contrary rhythms it will be owing to Strauss. Beethoven's marvels in this style are too far above them, and act only upon exceptional audiences; Strauss has addressed himself to the masses, and his numerous imitators have been forced whilst imitating to second his efforts." The second Johann Strauss but carried on and amplified the work begun by the father. The methods of work were the same; the vehicle of expression, the animating spirit, the ideal, the genius, were practically identical; it was only in degree that the son excelled.

Johann Strauss the younger, the subject of this sketch, was born in Vienna, October 25, 1825. He early showed his genius for music, composing his first waltz at the age of six. Strangely enough, his father frowned upon the encouragement of any musical taste in his children; but fortunately Johann's mother secretly fostered his talent, and managed to have him take lessons on the violin and in composition. As he grew older the clash between his passion for music and his father's will grew more strenuous, until at length it led to a break in the family. The parents were divorced, and the mother assumed the charge of the children's education.

It is difficult to understand what prompted the elder Strauss to so strong an opposition of his sons' taste and desires. Possibly his feeling grew from the very usual disinclination to see his children battling with the particular disadvantages he himself had suffered. Still, his own career had been one of unexampled success. He had met with early recognition, and had risen steadily in artistic and worldly prosperity. He had worked hard, but hard work is the price of success, and he could scarcely hope his sons to succeed in any pursuit without strenuous exertion. Possibly he could not endure the idea of artistic rivalry in the family.

Whatever his reasons, however, he had set his heart on Johann's becoming a merchant, and upon his graduation from the Gymnasium and Polytechnic Institute, insisted he should take a position as clerk in a bank. The situation was now become unbearable, and Johann decided to throw off all semblance of allegiance to paternal control. He gathered a few musicians, and assuming the leadership of this band, drilled them in his compositions until he was ready to make his début as conductor at Dommayer's Casino, at Hietzing, a suburb of Vienna. The occasion was a memorable one. The town was all agog with gossip of the rivalry between father and son. The room was crowded with curious and interested Viennese. The music began, all were silently listening to the strains of the new waltz; as it ended, a storm of applause broke out. A second waltz followed, and the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Strauss was applauded

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to the echo. At length he gave the signal for the orchestra to play once more, and the uproar ceased while the audience waited, expecting another novelty, when, to the delight of all, the strains of his father's 'Loreley Waltzes,' played as only he and his father could play them, broke the hush. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which this delicate tribute brought forth. From that moment Strauss's success was secured and his future career decided.

After his father's death, in 1844, Strauss united his father's band with his own, and made with them a tour throughout Austria, Germany, and Poland, giving concerts in all the principal cities. Later he undertook, and held for ten years, the post of director of the summer concerts at Petropaulowski Park in St. Petersburg. Until 1870 he was conductor of the court balls in Vienna, a position which he had inherited from his father, and which he, in turn, passed on to his brother Edward when the need of more leisure for composition became urgent. He visited at various times the principal cities of Italy, Russia, and England, going to Paris in 1867, at the time of the exposition, and coming to America in 1869. His visit to this country, primarily to attend the Gilmore Jubilee in Boston, was not of long duration, nor did he bring his band with him.

Strauss was twice married. His first wife, the singer Henriette Treffz, whom he married in 1862, died in 1878. His second wife, Angelica Dittrick, also a musician, survived him.

Throughout his life it was his custom, as it had been his father's before him, to produce his new waltzes at the Viennese court balls, where each was regarded as an event and usually received with extravagant demonstrations of pleasure from the dancers. There were almost no bounds to the appreciation and enthusiasm displayed by the court ladies and their escorts. It is said that one fashionable admirer stipulated that a favorite waltz should be played at her funeral, and the waltz, 'On the Beautiful Blue Danube' became a sort of musical watchword in Vienna. It is hard to understand in this country, where the business life and rush of the day absorb so much of our attention, how large a part music such as Strauss's could play in the lives and thoughts of the Viennese. Not only to the court ladies present at the first performance of his waltzes was a new waltz a matter of moment, but to the shopkeepers and their wives, who heard it played by a band in the beer-garden, to the audience in the theater, and to the school boys who whistled it on the street, it was an important event. A new waltz meant a new delight and pleasure for everybody, and Strauss himself was admired and loved as only those are who can make gay hours in dull days.

His life as a composer suffers a distinct break in 1870, when he turned from the composition of waltzes, in which he had won such artistic and popular success, to the composition of light operas. In the field of the waltz he was supreme. He and his father had cultivated and developed that form of music to express a subtlety of meaning and emotion undreamed of in dance-music before their day. In the field of light opera

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he was to compete with rivals. Offenbach was meeting with phenomenal success in Paris just then, and both his and Suppé's operas had created a stir in Viennese circles. But Strauss had something different to offer, and it was something which particularly appealed to the audience he found awaiting him. Instead of imitating the composers already successful, he started out on his own lines, bringing largely into prominence the dance element. His success was immediate, and he entered upon his second period of production with great éclat, writing his operas with his usual brilliant facility. His first opera, 'Queen Indigo,' was produced at Vienna in 1871; others, to the number of twelve, followed at intervals. All but one of these were operettas. 'Ritter Pasman,' written in a more serious vein, and produced at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, January 1, 1892, did not prove the usual success; but its failure was certainly due largely to its very poor libretto.

Strauss's method of composition was very characteristic of the man. He composed anywhere and everywhere,—at the table, in the train, while out walking, or in the midst of a conversation with a friend. He was never too hurried or absorbed in other things to jot down a suggestion for future reference. As soon as a musical idea came into his head, down it went on a scrap of paper, the back of an envelope, the margin of a newspaper, or, in lieu of anything else, on his cuffs or shirt bosoms. His rooms were strewn with pads of paper, in likely and unlikely places, where they could be seized upon at a moment's notice. It is probable that the convenient location of these pads of paper was due to the forethought of Mme. Strauss, as Strauss himself seems to have had, if anything, a preference for his cuffs. It is said that the 'Beautiful Blue Danube' was nearly lost to the world by a too officious chambermaid who sent the shirt on which it had been sketched to the laundry before Mme. Strauss had, as was her custom, copied the musical gems jotted down on the linen. Fortunately, the ever-watchful mistress discovered the mistake before it was too late.

In character, Strauss was a man of genial temperament, modest, sympathetic, and companionable. He was full of little fads and fancies, which gave a whimsical charm to his personality, and by their childlike simplicity and appeal endeared him to all who knew him. He was as sensitive as any woman, for instance, on the subject of his age, and was oppressed by melancholy when the realization of his advance in years was forced upon him. When felicitated upon one of his later birthday anniversaries, he said, "Some one has done a terrible thing. When I took up the newspaper this morning I read that I was seventy-three years old. That gave me a shock, for when one does not think all the year of how old he is, it is dreadful to have it pressed upon him!" His friends used to humor this peculiarity, and a story is told of a lady who when asked some one's age in the presence of Strauss, answered, "Oh, he 's a young man, only sixty-five."

The occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his appearance as a conductor in Vienna was the opportunity for a tremendous ovation. Probably

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no musician ever received so great evidence of popular affection on a similar occasion. He was the idol of the hour; court ladies and artists vied to do him honor. An account of the event in the magazine, 'Music,' for 1895 says: "Beginning with a performance in the Royal Opera House, there was a new ballet especially composed by Strauss for the occasion. The boxes contained distinguished musicians and patrons. There was a prologue, after which a festival overture by Fuchs, founded on motifs from the opera of 'Fledermaus,' was played by the orchestra. Alfred Grunfeld played his Morceau upon the 'Persian March,' the 'Blue Danube Waltzes' were sung and played, and there was festivity in plenty. In the afternoon there was a concert by the Strauss orchestra, led by Edward Strauss. But the main festivity took place at the Strauss residence. The guests were Brahms, Hanslick, Fuchs, Brull, Renard, Grunfeld, Gericke, Goldmark, Goldschmidt, Kreuser, Tilgner, and many others. Aronson was there from New York, with a great silver wreath from the American admirers of the waltz king. There was a telegram, some yards long, of congratulations from a musical society in Prague, signed by the members in full, two thousand in all."

In spite of his popularity and the activity of his musical interest Strauss enjoyed his home life to the full. He was fond of his friends and his fireside; he enjoyed a game of cards, and was an incessant smoker of cigars. He often worked in his garden, weeding and hoeing, saying that it gave him musical inspiration to dig in the soil. Altogether the picture we get of his later years is one of comfort and the enjoyment of well-earned esteem and affection.

His public appearances as the leader of his incomparable band were festival occasions for the Viennese. He was loved as only the writer of such bright, inspiring music as his could be loved by the people of the gay capital. One can well apply to him the quotation from Goldsmith, "Happy is the man who is born excellent in the pursuit in vogue, and whose genius seems adapted to the time he lives in." But the gift of pleasure is refused by no people and no time; although the element of personal devotion may not be so marked, the admiration and enjoyment of Strauss's music are almost as great in conservative London and bustling New York as in gay Vienna. His career was successful from the start; he early amassed a comfortable fortune, and at his death left a large property for the use of his wife during her lifetime, ultimately to revert to the Society of the Friends of Music.

He died in Vienna, after an illness of but a few days, on June 3, 1899.

It is impossible to write even the shortest sketch of Johann Strauss's life without at least an allusion to his brothers, also composers and conductors, Joseph and Edward Strauss.

Joseph Strauss, who was almost as able a musician as Johann, but whose delicate constitution and early death prevented the full development of his talent, was born in Vienna, August 22, 1827. His father decreed that he should be educated as an architect, but his mother exercised in his case

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the same diplomacy she had used for his brother, and he was able to acquire secretly a good musical education. However illegitimate Mme. Strauss's methods may have been from the standpoint of matrimonial ethics, they are the same which have been used in other cases, notably in the case of the great Handel, to preserve genius to humanity; and it would appear ungrateful for the world to exercise too stern a criticism.

Joseph's first appearance as a conductor was made in 1857, when, during his brother's illness, he led his orchestra. As he had not yet learned to play the violin, he was obliged to forsake the family tradition and conduct with a baton. He next collected a band of his own and began giving concerts, composing and publishing his works at the same time. He wrote as quickly as did his brother, and in his short life produced no less than two hundred and eighty-three pieces.

His death was brought about largely by the inconsiderate, indeed cruel treatment of some Russian officers, who, while he was in Warsaw on a visit, roused him at midnight to play to them, and, incensed at his refusal, so abused him that he was made seriously ill. Under his wife's devoted nursing he recovered sufficiently to return to Vienna, where he survived but a few days, dying July 22, 1870.

The youngest of the three brothers, Edward Strauss, was born February 14, 1835, and is still living. As his father's death occurred so early in his life, he was able to follow his inclination and pursue his musical education unopposed. He first appeared as a conductor in 1862. In 1865 he took his brother Johann's place as conductor of the summer concerts in St. Petersburg, and in 1870 succeeded him as conductor of the court balls at Vienna. He has traveled all over Europe with his band, giving concerts in all the large cities, and has made two visits to America, the first in 1890, when he visited sixty-one cities, achieving an immense success, and the second in 1900. Those who heard him on the latter occasion will not soon forget the lithe and vivid figure, glittering with decorations, and alive with an inspiring magnetism which seems the birthright of his family. He, too, has been a prolific composer, writing and publishing over three hundred pieces of dance-music.

Edward Strauss has a son, Johann Strauss the third, already the composer of an operetta and the leader of a band, who bids fair to carry on the family traditions to another generation.

The genius which has characterized the Strauss family as a whole consists largely in the individuality of their ideas and style, and in their remarkable ability to present the beauty and suggestion of the waltz as it was left by Schubert, so as to reproduce it for orchestra and popularize it for the dance. It is really a wonderful thing to have set the whole world dancing—a thing which nothing but genius, and genius of a unique sort, could have accomplished.

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THE ART OF STRAUSS

W. Barclay Squire — *Grove's 'Dictionary of Music'*

THE music of the waltz originally consisted of two sections, each consisting of eight measures in 3-4 or 3-8 time. Good examples of these primitive forms will be found in Beethoven's and Mozart's German dances. The next development of the music was the stringing together of several of these sixteen-measure waltzes, and the addition of trios and a coda. This was first effected by Hummel in a waltz of nine numbers, which he wrote in 1808 for the opening of the Apollo Saal in Vienna; but this isolated example cannot have had much influence upon the development of the waltz, since it is not until the time of Schubert that it possesses any intrinsic musical value.

The dances of Schubert form really the basis of modern waltz-music. Though in the main they adhere to the old sixteen-measure form, yet the beginnings of development are apparent in them, not only in their immense musical superiority to any of their predecessors, but also in the numerous extensions and improvements of the original form which are to be found in them, and which have since become the commonplaces of every writer of dance-music. A careful analysis of these beautiful compositions would probably reveal many points of departure; indeed, in comparing them with the works of his contemporaries, such as Lanner and the elder Strauss, it is extraordinary to find how Schubert anticipated their effects.

But if Schubert had so great an influence on the Viennese school of dance composers, it is to Weber that the waltz owes what, musically speaking, is its most important development. The composition of the 'Invitation to the Dance'[1] marks the adoption of the waltz-form into the sphere of absolute music, and prepared the way for the stream of pianoforte and vocal waltzes, not intended as accompaniments to dancing, the best examples of which are the waltzes of Chopin and Rubinstein, though this form of composition has been adopted by most writers of "brilliant" music.[2] Of late years a tendency has shown itself to revert to what may be called the Schubert type of waltz. To this class belong the waltzes of Brahms, Kiel, and other modern German composers. Brahms indeed may be said to have introduced a new class in his 'Liebeslieder' for pianoforte duet and vocal quartet; but the original type of these is the same as that of Schubert's dances.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the composition of waltzes for dancing was almost entirely in the hands of the Viennese composers. It was at Vienna, under the Strauss family, Lanner, Labitzky, and Gungl,

[1] See MASTERS IN MUSIC, Part 13. — EDITOR.
[2] Tschaikowsky makes the third movement of his E-minor Symphony a waltz. — EDITOR.

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that the waltz became fixed in the form in which we now know it, i.e., an introduction generally in a slow tempo, foreshadowing the principal motive of the composition, and followed by five or six separate waltzes ending with a coda recapitulating the best numbers. Vienna has, moreover, always preserved the tradition of playing what a modern writer aptly describes as "those irresistible waltzes that first catch the ear, and then curl round the heart, till on a sudden they invade and will have the legs."

Richard Wagner

ONE of Strauss's waltzes as far surpasses in charm, finish, and real musical worth hundreds of the artificial compositions of his contemporaries as the steeple of St. Stephen's surpasses the advertising columns on the Paris boulevards.

E. Irenæus Stevenson *'The Independent' 1899*

STRAUSS must never be thought of as only a composer of good "dance-music." His waltzes—selecting them for examples—were written for the ball-room of the gayest dancers in the world. But they were built up of such beautiful musical themes, often so inspired and moving as well as merely rhythmically alluring, that Strauss waltzes are in a sense symphonic. They represent the *ne plus ultra* of one factor in symphonic form—to wit, the Minuet, the Scherzo. Thus you may establish a gradual ascent—sticking closely to a dance-spirit as the original one—when you proceed from a minuet of a Haydn or a Mozart symphony in its 3-4 time, the anticipator of the valse, onward to 'The Thousand and One Nights' waltz, or the 'Danube.' Again, into the Strauss waltzes Strauss incorporated a great deal of the peasant-tune, the *folk-ländler*, such as is distinctive in the Austrian and Bavarian Tyrols. You can hear the zither twanging in all the most characteristic Strauss dances. Beethoven and Rubinstein did just that sort of thing in their best works. Dvořák does so, Grieg and Macdowell do so. Strauss is, forever, a great *national* musician, making his music out of his people's primitive material, giving it a poetic expression and polish. This is being the Burns and the Wordsworth and the Béranger of musical art. The Tyrols and the Viennese faubourgs are enshrined in Strauss waltzes, and their enchanting, reverie-like introductions for concert use.

Another matter of consequence. The giddy social world may, everywhere, think of Strauss as merely a fine dance-tune composer; but the greatest musicians of his time and ours have considered him their brother, quite by virtue of his national muse and by his solid, brilliant, telling orchestration. In the latter he became a master. True, it is a pity that he did not—dangerous as is the process—retouch technically a little some of his earlier dances, including the sacramental 'Danube,' that rival of

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Tennyson's 'The Brook' in its perennial fluency. The waltzes of his last twenty-five years have more elegance in instrumentation than the earlier ones. But never is there a vulgar effect, even if cheap and simple; never did Strauss employ a slipshod style. The orchestra is used clearly, elegantly; and when he had—or would allow himself—leisure of a relative sort, he scored with exquisite purity and taste. Wagner considered Strauss waltzes "very fine, masterly music." Liszt has paraphrased them; and (a much less perilous flattery) he loved to direct them. Brahms, Strauss's near neighbor often, and ever his friend, ranked him as a genius and master—Brahms the austerely if divinely symphonic. Carl Goldmark and the mysterious Anton Bruckner have had time for homage to the Amphion of Vienna, the man who could strike a *Glockenspiel* worthy of Papageno—nay, worthy of the hand that set Papageno singing before us in a Viennese theater of old time and imperishable history.

As to Strauss operettas, running over them from 'Queen Indigo' to the last one, it can be said that they all are highly tuneful—vastly better than Millöcker's, or even better than any, save Genée's best; but that 'Die Fledermaus,' 'Gypsy Baron,' 'Cagliostro,' 'A Night in Venice,' and 'The Merry War' are the superior ones. Strauss was never fortunate in his librettos. They are, as are generally Viennese librettos, thin and Paris-and-watery in plot, trivial and confused in action, and of a cheap dialogue. When Strauss came under the influence of that other great master of scoring a light lyric comedy, Offenbach, he did not gain anything. It is a real misfortune that he never found, as an Austrian, his own special librettist—such as Offenbach and Sullivan have enjoyed; not to speak of the artistic bond between Scribe and Meyerbeer, or Verdi and Boito. It is not necessary for even a thoroughly light opera to be flimsy to the last degree of characterless unimportance.

Strauss is the latest, beyond question, of the great, golden succession of composers identified with Vienna, giving it the dominant place among music-cities. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Goldmark, have preceded him. If no new apostle comes to the world's ear from the same town, the Strauss waltz is a gracious end of the volume. Though an Ausgleich may break, or the great and royal Hapsburg name become insignificant, his dances will never become stale or be *dances-macabres*, and he will bewitch the world with noble dance-poetry to the time when the world is danced out.

The Editor

IN describing his father's works, Johann Strauss writes: "To produce a polka, contemporary musicians study the whole literature of music, and perhaps a few philosophical systems too. Formerly, only one thing was needed to compose: one needed to have, as the popular saying is, a happy thought. And strange to say, these happy thoughts always came. We of the old

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school frequently announced for a certain evening a new waltz of which on the morning of the same day not a single note was written. In such a case the orchestra usually went to the composer's house, and as soon as the latter had finished a part it was immediately copied for the orchestra. Meantime, the miracle of the 'happy thought' repeated itself for the other parts of the waltz; in a few hours the piece was completed, whereupon it was rehearsed, and in the evening played before a usually enthusiastic public."

Strauss here suggests, himself, as adequate a critical description of his dances as we could desire. They are indeed "happy thoughts"—gay, spontaneous, brimful of life, and of course unstudied and devoid of any profound meaning or subtle, elusive beauty. All there is in them is on the surface, obvious to the most untrained and half-attentive ear. Their melodies are astonishingly simple, both as to the fundamental germs or motifs, and as to the scheme of balance into which the phrases are wrought. The harmonies are for the most part the time-honored succession of tonic, dominant, dominant, tonic, with an occasional touch of subdominant, and momentary modulations into near keys. The rhythms are the only striking or unusual feature. But how delightful, how unique, how compelling and seductive and winning are these Strauss rhythms, with their lift and dip, their coy hesitation and contagious onrush, their irresistible cross-accents, and their ultimately triumphant symmetry! Strauss's genius perhaps lies most of all in this—that he can take a commonplace enough melodic phrase, an ordinary string of chords, and infuse into them such a sparkle of rhythmic life and motion that no listener can resist their intoxication.

It is the habit of many learned musicians to contemn or ignore these inimitably frank, fresh, and spontaneous creations, because, forsooth, they are waltzes and polkas, "common dances," in fact, rather than long and perhaps dull overtures, sonatas, or symphonies. As well despise the draft of spring water bubbling from the native rock because it is not hallowed with propriety by having flowed through the town watermains, or a lovely and fragrant wild flower because it has not a many-syllabled Latin name in the text-books of botany. To be sure, we should not fly to the other extreme, and place Strauss's charming dances on the same plane with the more subtly and profoundly beautiful creations of more thoughtful men and more painstaking artists; but anything that is as well made as it can be, in its kind, is a work of art. If it give us genuine pleasure, we only convict ourselves of affectation or conceit when we seek to belittle it.

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THE WORKS OF STRAUSS

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

THE formal scheme adopted by Strauss for his waltzes may be compared to a chain of several links, somewhat loosely connected. Each link is a small and concise waltz-movement, as a rule in "three-part song-form"—that is, consisting of statement, contrast, and restatement, or *da capo*.[1] For the sake of variety, there are slight changes of key from waltz to waltz, effected generally by a few modulating chords called the "Intrada" (Italian equivalent of entry or introduction). In the rhythmical patterns of the melodies there is also generally pronounced contrast. The last link of the chain is usually more cunningly wrought than the others, and made to perform the completing function of a coda by reëchoing all the main melodies of foregoing numbers. Strauss is also fond of adding an introduction, more or less elaborate, in a tempo contrasted with that of the waltzes, and in mood anticipatory of them.

I. Waltzes: 'On the Beautiful Blue Danube' *Opus 314*

THIS famous waltz is especially interesting for two reasons. In the first place, although it is by no means intrinsically superior to several other waltzes of Strauss, it has obtained an unequalled popularity, some millions of copies having been distributed. In the second place, being the first vocal waltz written by Strauss (that is, the first with parts for chorus as well as for instruments), it marks in his career the point of transition from his earlier work in pure dance-music to his later activity, after 1870, as a composer of light operettas.

The introduction begins, in 6-8 time, with a soft tremolo in the right hand, as of muted violins, against which the left silhouettes fragments of the theme of the first waltz. After this a short preluding passage in waltz tempo leads over into the first waltz.

I. This familiar theme needs careful phrasing; the wrist should rise after the first three notes, taking the hand from the keyboard for a moment, only to let it fall with firmness on the long A which the thumb has to hold while the other fingers pick the little chords above, which are meant only to emphasize the rhythm. The melody, in each phrase, is simply the three introductory notes and the long held note. A little holding back on the preliminary three will also enhance the effect of coquetry intended. The second section of the waltz is contrasted with the first by being made staccato almost throughout. The pianist should take pains to render it so.

[1] The restatement is often not written out but simply indicated by the words "D. C. dal segno senza repetizione al Fine" (Repeat from the sign, without repetition, to the ending).

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II. A charming modulatory scheme, the second part being in the key of B-flat and the first in D-major.

III. Here Strauss adopts a cross-rhythm of which he is very fond. While the left hand keeps up its monotonous *rum*-tum-tum, *rum*-tum-tum, the right sketches athwart it, so to speak, an agile melody in syncopated rhythm, so devised that the beats fall into twos instead of into threes. It is as if one hand had two measures of three beats each while the other was having three measures of two each. The effect is indescribably arch, whimsical, and vivacious. The second part consists of a more fluent bit of melody than any of the preceding themes, entering four times, and taking each time a little running jump. Note how it seems only able to jump up to D the first time, whereas at the second trial it gets to G; the third time is like the first, but at the fourth trial it not only jumps more precipitately, but it manages to clear a whole octave and more, landing on the high B. Thus is obtained a melodic climax.

IV. This number is notable only for its key. It is in F-major, which is rather far from the D-major with which we started. Strauss's object in modulating so far is to stimulate and refresh the ear by variety.

V. In eight measures of Intrada we are led from F-major to F-sharp-minor, and left poised there, ready to descend on the next theme. This is a graceful melody in a rhythm very characteristic of Strauss and indeed of the entire Viennese school of dance-composers, a rhythm in which the second beat receives a great deal of stress, almost displacing the first from its supreme place. It is one of those minor deviations from regularity that serve only the more to emphasize the fundamental regularity and order.

Coda. Starting out with a reminiscence of the rhythm of Waltz number III (three groups of two beats each), the coda soon settles down into the theme of II, which it presents very concisely; IV, in F-major, follows, leading back eventually to I, which gives the hearer a sense of having completed his journey and returned home, especially when the touch of subdominant key on page 26 suggests the approach of the end. The whole closes soundingly in D-major.

II. 'Pizzicato Polka' — *Johann and Joseph Strauss*

AS its title indicates, this charming polka, written by two of the Strauss brothers in collaboration, is in its original version played largely by the pizzicato or plucked strings, which, as every one knows, are peculiarly incisive and brisk in sound. The effect may be imitated on the piano by using a preponderance of staccato, and by pedalling but slightly. The little pianissimo chords in the introductory measures, for example, are played crisply, and in exact time, and followed by a beat of complete silence. Similarly, in the rendering of the coquettish initial theme, both hands may play staccato, although the right must of course carry better than the left; the

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pedal may be used here, but sparingly. In the intermediate section, modulating to G-major, more pedal may be used, and the left hand must strike its two long D's firmly, and hold them throughout their indicated duration, their effect being that of sustained horn tones in the orchestra. Before the reëntrance of the original theme there is a telling retard, ending in a moment of suspense.

The first part of the trio, or middle portion, is perfectly simple and rather commonplace; but in the second part there is an interesting effect of contrast between the first phrase, loud, pedalled, and strongly accented, and the second, with its soft staccato chords slipping down the chromatic scale.

The short coda, played after a repetition of the polka, depends for its interest on the same sort of rapidly changing pizzicato (staccato) chords.

III. "Du und Du" *Waltzes from 'Die Fledermaus'*

'DIE FLEDERMAUS' ('The Bat') was one of the most popular of the comic operas of the sprightly Viennese school which Strauss wrote in the last twenty-five years of his life. It has been performed with success in most of the larger musical cities of Europe and America.

The waltzes here given begin with a pompous and, it must be confessed, rather flashy introduction. The player will note that in the twenty-eighth measure the left hand sounds, against a tremolo in the right, the main theme of the first waltz. After four measures the same theme is slightly developed by the right hand; but this quickly gives place to some rather meaningless preluding phrases which lead over to the waltz proper.

I. Here is a very charming Strauss-like melody, full of piquancy, coquetry, and vigor, as full of momentary hesitancies and sudden abandonments of reserve as the conduct of coy but ardent lovers. How irresistibly it lingers, first on the C, then on the F-sharp, then leaps up to the high C and stays there! This should be played, it is almost needless to say, *con amore*—the first beat of the third measure short and sharp, and the second beat absolute silence (except of course that the accompaniment continues its quiet dog-trot unperturbed). Then there is a vigorous descent on the final dotted half-note of the phrase.

The middle part introduces a longer, more fluent phrase, snapping off in a staccato note in the third measure. This whole waltz is the very essence of Strauss.

II. Here again is the silent second beat that Strauss knows how to use so piquantly. In this case the second phrase is contrasted by being made legato and even singingly melodic. It is as if the dancer paused a moment in his steps to whisper a pretty sentiment in his partner's ear. The same sort of antithesis will be noticed also in the phrases of the middle part.

III. The second phrase in this waltz is even more strongly contrasted with the first, which is as before largely staccato. This time the contrast-

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ing phrase is a sonorous melody in comparatively very long notes—dotted half-notes—and should be played with the "singing legato" touch.

Coda. The coda, like that of the 'Blue Danube,' is a *rechauffé* of melodies already heard; but they are here more cleverly combined and interlaced. For example, at the eleventh measure begins a passage in D-flat-major (the very use of so distant a key is an indication of the more careful art employed) in which the alto voice gives fragments of the middle theme of Waltz number II, while the soprano sounds short segments of the middle theme of Waltz number I. The device is as pleasing as it is dexterous.

The last page of the coda is a triumphant assertion of the first theme of all, with brilliant peroration and conclusion.

IV. 'One Heart, One Mind' — *Polka-mazurka*

THIS well-known and exceedingly popular polka-mazurka depends for its seductiveness largely on its mincing and insinuating rhythm of dotted eighth and sixteenth notes, on the prominence of the sixth degree of the scale in its harmony (the tone A in the key of C-major), and on the slight retardations and accelerations in tempo of which it is full. As in all dance-music, phrasing is a very important feature. This will be strikingly shown if the pianist will play over the first phrase, of two measures, first without any phrasing and then with the phrasing marked—that is, the first measure bound together, the second measure broken into by sharp pauses after the second and third beats. The first rendering is to the second as a school-boy's monotone mouthing of a "piece" is to a great actor's accented and modulated delivery of it. Throughout both the polka and its trio, careful observance of phrase-markings, of contrasts of legato and staccato, of loud and soft, and of rests, is essential.

V. Waltzes: 'Artist's Life' — *Opus 316*

THE introduction begins with a sentence most ingeniously composed; its first phrase (sometimes called "antecedent phrase") is derived from the main theme of the first waltz to follow, while the second or "consequent" phrase is a premonition of the middle theme of Waltz number IV. At the eleventh measure the theme of number I appears in the left hand and is subjected to some slight development. A short section of waltz-movement, in the key of A-major, leads over to the waltzes proper.

I. The first part is composed of eight measures of graceful melody, complemented by eight more of staccato work. The middle portion presents no feature of especial interest.

II. The melody of this waltz suggests the old nursery rhyme about the King of France who, with twenty thousand men, marched up the hill —and then marched down again. The tune makes a pompous progress

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up the scale from the dominant to the tonic, reaching its goal in a *forte;* it then poises there a moment, and descends once more, in a pianissimo, to the G from which it set forth on its travels. The rhythmic interest of the whole, nevertheless, is so well maintained that the final impression is eminently satisfactory. It is interesting to analyze Strauss's airs with a view to realizing how facile and spontaneous was his melodic faculty. He never pondered his tunes, or composed them with nice and discriminating artistry; he rather set the waltz pulse a-beating in his mind, so to speak, and wrote down cordially whatever tune, however commonplace, it brought knocking to the door.

III. The beginning of the third waltz offers some difficulty to the player. A moment's scrutiny shows that the melody is not on the top layer, where we have only a monotonous succession of F's and E's. In fact, the alto is the chief voice here, and needs to be brought out by careful accentuation of the third and fourth fingers—a matter not so simple unless one have great independence of finger. The effect, however, is charming enough to invite a little practice.

IV. The most fascinating part of the fourth waltz is the curious see-saw of dissonant thirds of the middle part. This is intensely characteristic of Strauss, and like no one else. He might have had two measures of it engraved on a bit of pastboard for use as a visiting-card; no man who had ever heard his music would have had any doubt, on receiving it, as to who was calling upon him.

V. The fifth waltz is interesting chiefly for its whimsical rhythms, which, however, call for no special comment.

Coda. As in the two other codas already described, Strauss here reminds us, in closing, of the chief flowers in his musical bouquet, saving as usual the biggest, reddest rose until the last. A harmonic feature of considerable interest is the scheme of modulation with which the coda begins. There are four measures in F-major, eight in E-major, eight in E-flat-major, and four in D-minor; in other words, the tonality slides down by semitones, imperceptibly lapsing, as it were, from level to level. After D-minor is reached the further modulation goes on in a more commonplace and conventional fashion. This interesting modulation is mentioned only because it is but another instance of the artistic skill Strauss expends on his waltzes. In spite of the spontaneity and thoughtlessness of his melodies, he composes them into well-proportioned and carefully designed forms, so that a set of his waltzes is not a mere medley, it is a rounded unity, with beginning, middle, and end; and though made up of many single pieces, it gives the final impression of structure that we rightly associate with all genuine art.

The player may perhaps be warned against the common fallacy of supposing that because these pieces by Strauss are mere "dances," "light music," or "not classical," they demand therefore no care or pains in the performance, but may be played indifferently, with crashing touch, no phrasing, and chaotic pedal. No misconception of their nature could be

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more unfortunate. They are not, it is true, sonatas; not even nocturnes, romances, preludes, or, in a word, "pieces" of the conventional salon type. But they require, and repay, just as careful a rendering as such pieces. No subtlety of phrasing is lost upon them; the more carefully they are phrased, in fact, the more fully and delicately do they reveal their beauties. No care in pedaling is wasted, for they are full of charming effects of harmony, and of contrasted legato and staccato touch, that need to be helped, or, at the very least, not hindered, by the pedal. And their melodies and accompaniments, finally, require painstaking differentiation by means of touch, the melodies being made to sing, and the accompaniments kept subordinate while remaining clear and unblurred. The Strauss waltzes are most interesting to play.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF JOHANN STRAUSS THE YOUNGER

I. OPERETTAS. 'Indigo und die vierzig Räuber,' 1871; 'Der Karneval in Rom,' 1873; 'Die Fledermaus,' 1874; 'Cagliostro,' 1875; 'Prinz Methusalem,' 1877; 'Blindekuh,' 1878; 'Das Spitzentuch der Königin,' 1880; 'Der lustige Krieg,' 1881; 'Eine Nacht in Venedig,' 1883; 'Der Zigeunerbaron,' 1885; 'Simplicius,' 1887; 'Ritter Pázmán' [opera], 1892; 'Fürstin Ninetta,' 1893; 'Jabuka,' 1894; 'Waldmeister,' 1895; 'Die Göttin der Vernunft,' 1895.

II. DANCE-MUSIC. Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Polonaises, Marches, and Fantasias, aggregating four hundred and seventy-seven opus-numbers.

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I. WALTZES: 'ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE'

OPUS 314

INTRODUCTION.

Andantino.

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II. PIZZICATO POLKA

JOHANN and JOSEPH STRAUSS

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III. "DU UND DU"

WALTZES FROM 'DIE FLEDERMAUS'

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IV. 'ONE HEART, ONE MIND'

POLKA-MAZURKA

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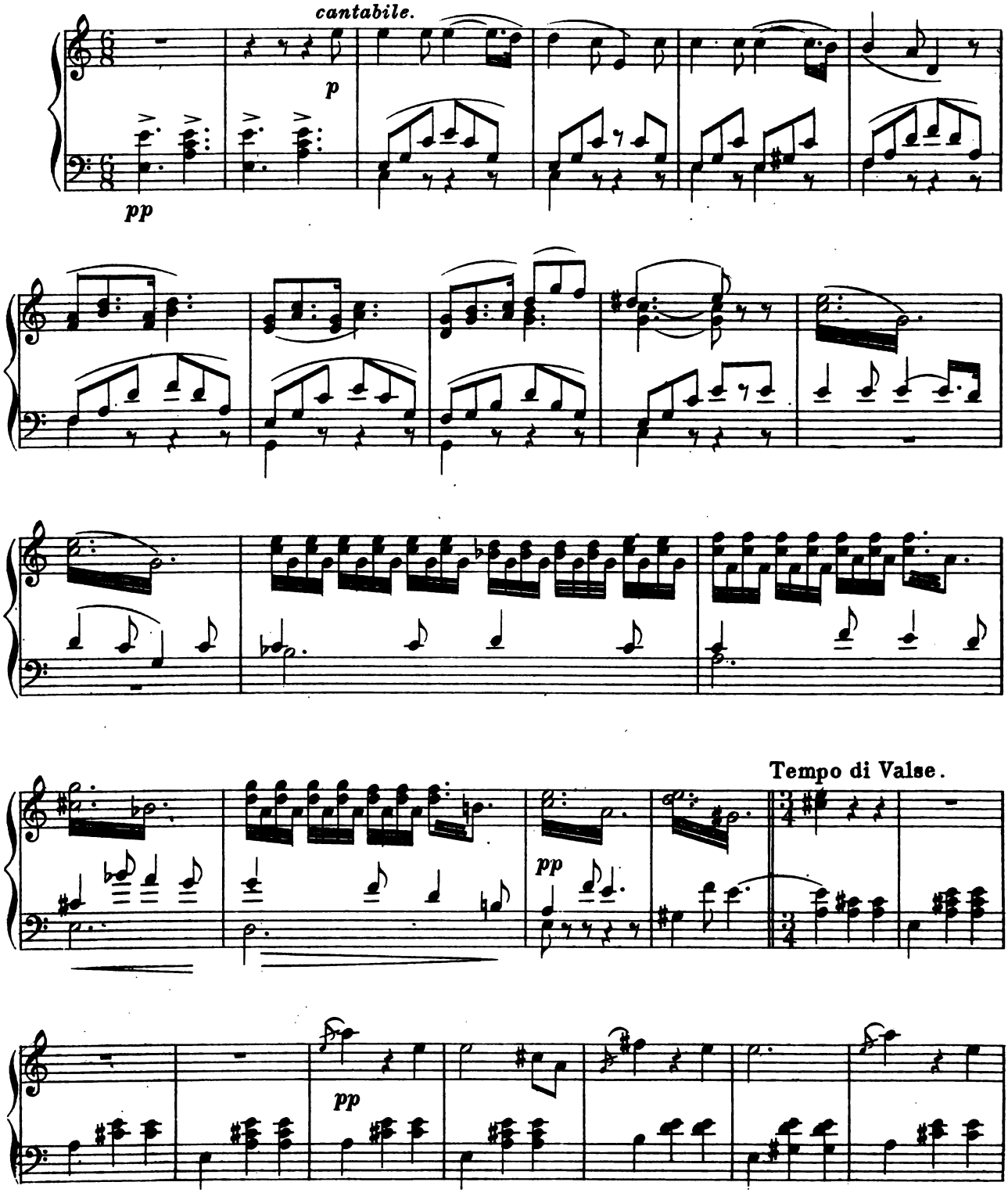
V. WALTZES: 'ARTIST'S LIFE'

OPUS 316

INTRODUCTION.

Andante moderato.



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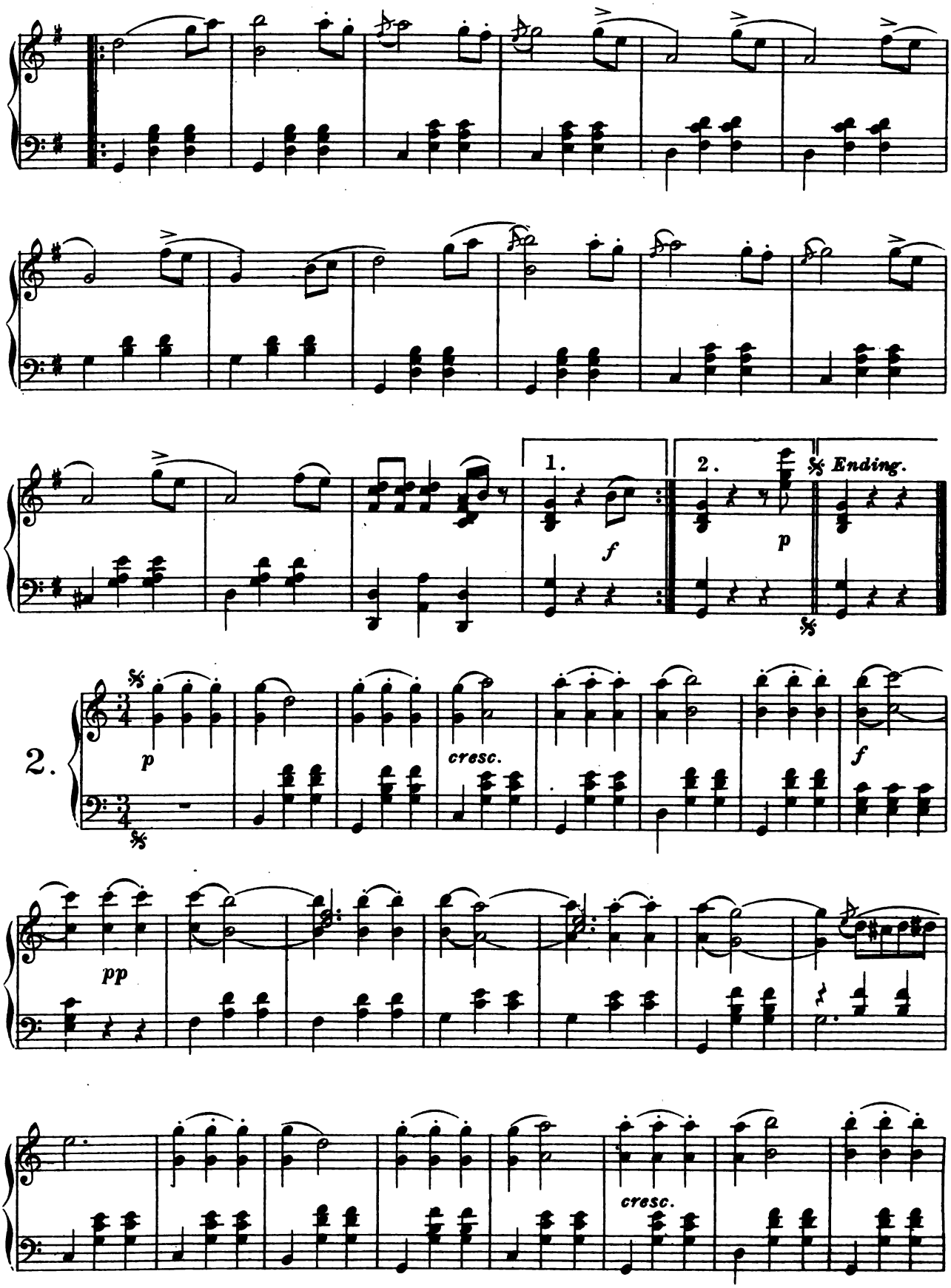

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI

BORN 1659: DIED 1725

DOMENICO SCARLATTI

BORN 1683: DIED 1757

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ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI

DOMENICO SCARLATTI

The portrait of ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI here reproduced is based upon a rare engraving, said to be taken from an oil painting by Solimène, published, 1819, in the 'Biografia degli Nomini Illustri del Regno di Napoli.'

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THE SCARLATTIS

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI

BORN 1659: DIED 1725

IT is a matter of ordinary observation, which any perceptive student of human life can note for himself, that men are inclined to sudden and strong reactions in their aims and ideals, to entire changes in what they consider desirable and worthy of effort. For a while a man will work in one direction with all his energy; he will spare no effort, avoid no labor, be dismayed at no obstacle, on the path to his chosen goal; then, suddenly and apparently without external cause, his mind will change, his mood will suffer a reaction, and he will pursue with equal enthusiasm quite the opposite ideal. After days of laborious work and the strictest frugality he will throw down the reins and indulge in extravagant playfulness; or after long enjoyment of society and conversation he will unaccountably be seized with a passion for meditative solitude. It is hard to explain these contrasts and reactions, but their existence is in the experience of us all. In the history of art, similar crises and reactionary movements are observable. After the long seeking of abstract beauty in which Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven took part came the dalliance with expression, with romantic suggestion and vague formless reverie, of Schumann and Chopin. Later, Brahms, in a sense, took up the two tendencies into his own artistic life, including both aims in his large and many-sided ideal. After the impersonal, somber, churchly music of the Palestrina school, similarly, came an epoch of striving after the most intimate personal, romantic, secular expressiveness, embodied in the operas of the Florentine school of the early seventeenth century. Such men as Peri and Monteverde sought above all dramatic power, poignant emotional eloquence, and neglected all the methods of attaining beauty, balance, coördination of parts, which had been so sedulously worked out by Palestrina and his fellows. And then, at that moment, came a man, who, as Brahms did two centuries later, assimilated and combined the two ideals, wrote music both express-

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ive and beautiful, and was known to his contemporaries, not only as the greatest genius, but as the most learned student, of the age. This man was Alessandro Scarlatti.

Born in 1659, at Trapani in the island of Sicily, Scarlatti early went to Rome and became, probably, a pupil of Giacomo Carissimi (1604-1674), a famous and skilful composer, chiefly of sacred music. The pupil, as well as the master, wrote a great deal for the church (what musician of that century did not?), but the attention of musicians was at that time being drawn more and more to opera, the new art-form invented in Florence at the beginning of the century, and immediately hailed with enthusiasm by the entire public of Italy; and it was with an opera, 'L' Onestà nell' Amore,' that Scarlatti first came prominently before the world, in the year 1680. This work was ordered by the ex-Queen of Sweden, Christina, then resident in Rome, and for nearly a decade Scarlatti's patron. On the score of his opera 'Pompeo,' produced at the Royal Palace at Naples in 1684, the composer is entitled "Maestro di capella," or, as we should say, court music director, to this queen. Christina died in 1688, and by 1694 we find Scarlatti established at Naples as music director of the Royal Chapel. The date is important because of Scarlatti's identification with musical Naples, and with the Neapolitan school of opera, of which he was the figurehead and guiding spirit. Of the first thirty-five years of his life, before his settlement in Naples, little is known of him beyond the meager facts just mentioned. That he was a good organist, pianist, conductor, singer, and harpist we know; that he may have picked up the necessaries of life in his youth by singing and playing we can guess; that he was thoroughly founded in the technic of composition—in harmony, counterpoint, and the other scholarly studies—is demonstrated by the skill and finish of his mature style. But little actual documentary information about him in these years exists, beyond the fact of the production of the two operas in 1680 and 1684, and of another, 'Feodora,' in 1693, in which year he also produced an oratorio, 'I Dolore di Maria, sempre Virgine.'

In Naples, however, he at once found himself, artistically speaking, at home. There was, in the first place, plenty to do as conductor of the Royal Chapel. He led the operas of many men famous in their day and generation, and used to the full the opportunities for study thus offered. He did not hesitate to make alterations and "improvements" in the works performed, as for example, in Legrenzi's 'Odoacre,' in a prefatory note to which, in an edition supervised by himself, he wrote, quaintly and with rather transparent humility: "The airs rewritten by the editor are distinguished by an asterisk, to the end that their faults should not prejudice the reputation of Legrenzi, whose immortal glory is an object of the editor's unlimited respect."

In the second place, Scarlatti had in Naples the stimulus to composition of an established theater for the production of music-dramas, called the Florentine Theater, which had been inaugurated as early as 1665 by some Florentine enthusiasts. Here were produced a long succession of

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Scarlatti's operas (he generally wrote three a year), notable among which were 'Pirrho e Demetrio' (1697), 'Il Prigionero fortunato' (1698), and 'Laodicea e Berenice' (1701).

Scarlatti was also teacher of singing at the three Conservatories of Music of Naples, where he inculcated his artistic principles into many of the most famous singers of the succeeding generation.

In 1703, leaving Naples for a while because of political agitations, Scarlatti became assistant music director of Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome, and was made chief director a few years later. During his stay in Rome he also held the office of private music director to Cardinal Ottoboni. After remaining in Rome six years, producing while there many works, among which may be mentioned the operas 'Il Caduta de Decemviri' (1706) and 'Il Trionfo della Liberta' (1707), he returned to his post at Naples in 1709. There he lived until his death in October, 1725. 'Tigrane' (1715) and 'Griselda' (1721) were important among the operas produced in his last years.

Scarlatti was a man of great physical vitality and of enormous activity. When we consider that in addition to all his work as conductor and teacher he wrote over one hundred operas, and twice as many masses, we realize a little what his energy must have been. Of course his works were so much less complex than modern works that for him to write a hundred operas, for example, probably involved less work than would be required of Wagner to write half a dozen. Mozart's forty-nine symphonies probably stand for less actual labor than Beethoven's immortal nine. But after all reservations are made, one cannot believe that Scarlatti was given to idling. Dr. Charles Burney, the famous English musical historian, saw at Tivoli the manuscripts of thirty-five cantatas written by Scarlatti in the one month of October, 1704, while on a visit to a friend—the rate of composition being, as one sees, something more than one a day. Scarlatti was somewhat neglected by the general public in his later years, but received as compensation the hearty homage of his pupils, and indeed of all musicians. He composed actively almost to the very end.

DOMENICO SCARLATTI

BORN 1683: DIED 1757

DOMENICO SCARLATTI, son of Alessandro, was born at Naples in 1683, or possibly in 1685. Early showing the musical talent which might have been expected in the son of so accomplished a father, he began studying as a child, first with his father and afterwards with Gasparini in Rome. As was also natural, he began his career as a composer of operas. "Writers of the eighteenth century," says Mr. Philip Hale, "admired these dramatic works.

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Burney speaks of the descriptive accompaniment of an aria, in which 'the rolling of the billows and distraction of the crew during a storm and shipwreck are admirably painted by the orchestra.'" But Domenico Scarlatti's operas are now as hopelessly obsolete as flint-lock muskets. His genius perpetuated itself in quite another field.

Throughout the seventeenth century great strides were being made in the new art of pure instrumental music. The mechanical construction of the more important instruments—the organ, harpsichord, and violin—was being rapidly perfected, the principles of harmony were undergoing such development as to enable composers to make much more intricate and effective combinations of the parts than had before been possible, and principles of design or form were being perfected which enabled them to make their compositions intelligible and coherent without the aid of words. As a result of all these causes, instrumental music, as embodied in organ fugues and toccatas and concertos, in violin suites and sonatas, in harpsichord suites, fantasias, partitas, and dances, and in orchestral overtures and other pieces, became in this century an independent art, cultivated with devotion by the best composers, and enjoyed by great numbers of music-lovers.

The music for the harpsichord, the precursor of the modern pianoforte, was at first not so much cultivated by Italians, whose natural taste was more for sustained melody than for intricate harmony or the pyrotechnics of the virtuoso, as that for voices and for sustaining, singing instruments such as the violin. But Domenico Scarlatti, having just the qualities that made him enjoy the possibilities of the keyed instrument, being fond of rhythmic brilliancy, of kaleidoscopic effects of tone, of feats of agility and manual skill, became early in his career a famed virtuoso on the harpsichord; in Dr. Parry's expressive phrase, he "stepped out with a kind of diabolic masterfulness." He was a sort of prototype of all later virtuosos; he had Thalberg's nice coördination of muscular action, Chopin's love for delicate color-effects peculiar to keyed instruments, Liszt's propensities to the rôle of "wizard" and acrobatic magician. "Scarlatti was not," writes Mr. J. C. Fillmore, "like Bach and Handel, a great creative genius of the first rank; but his harpsichord compositions, although greatly inferior in intrinsic significance and permanent influence and value to those of Bach, are probably equal to Handel's, and are even more difficult of execution than any of his, so that in any history of music he must occupy a prominent and an honorable place."

Scarlatti early gained great fame for his feats of execution on the harpsichord; and in 1708 his skill was put to as severe a test as could perhaps at that time have been devised. The story is that in that year, at Venice, he heard Handel, who was about his own age, play the harpsichord at a masquerade. Scarlatti is said to have exclaimed, "'T is the famous Saxon, or the devil!" He recognized in the performance, one perceives, something of his own "diabolic masterfulness." A little later came the test. Handel and Scarlatti were subjected by Cardinal Ottoboni, at Rome, to a sort of

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competitive examination on the organ and the harpsichord. Scarlatti himself was the first to admit his rival's superiority in organ-playing, but at the harpsichord the Italian is said to have carried off the palm. He and Handel remained fast friends and mutual admirers from that day.

Scarlatti also wrote, as did his father, much church music—masses, cantatas, and the like; and in 1715 he was called to Rome as music director of the Vatican basilica. But he seems to have been of a roving nature, and rarely stayed long in any one place. In 1719 we find him *maestro al cembalo* of the Italian Opera in London; two years later he is at Lisbon, as teacher to the Portuguese king's daughter, Magdalene Theresa, who became later Princess of the Asturias, and later still Queen to Ferdinand VI. of Spain; in 1725 he was back at Naples; and in 1729 he again became the teacher of Magdalene Theresa, at Madrid, where she was now living as Queen of Spain.

In his later years Scarlatti became an inveterate gamester, and at his death, in 1757, left his family in want as a result of his follies. He also became more and more sedentary and luxurious in his habits, taking on so much flesh that, according to Mr. Philip Hale, he was "unable to cross his hands as he used to do," so that his pieces composed in later years are not so difficult to play as the earlier ones. But however Falstaffian he may have eventually become, his compositions are a standing testimony to his physical activity and flexibility in youth. He set a standard of virtuosity in piano-playing that has been worthily perpetuated by the great players down to this day.—THE EDITOR

THE ART OF THE SCARLATTIS

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI

W. S. Rockstro — *Grove's 'Dictionary of Music'*

THE earlier dramatic composers, from Peri downwards, held the art of counterpoint in undisguised contempt, and trusted for success entirely to the brilliancy of their natural talents. Alessandro Scarlatti, beyond all comparison the brightest genius of his epoch, had wisdom enough, on the contrary, to perceive that natural gifts lose more than half their force when uncultivated by study. Acting upon this conviction, he never ceased to labor at the science of composition until he found himself universally recognized as the most learned musician of his day; and thus it was that he took even the best of his contemporaries at an incalculable disadvantage. His knowledge of counterpoint so far aided him in the construction of his basses and the elaboration of his accompaniments that under his masterly treatment the timidity which in the infancy of modern art so fa-

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tally weakened this effect, and rendered it so miserable a substitute for the richer combinations of polyphony, was exchanged for a freedom of style and breadth of design which at once elevated it to the rank of a finished school, capable, indeed, of future development to an unlimited extent, but no longer either tentative in conception or rudimentary in structure. On the other hand, his splendid natural talents did him good service in quite another way. Tired of the monotony of uninterrupted recitative, he boldly started on a new path, and rejecting the experience of his immediate predecessors as altogether effete, availed himself of three distinct forms of dramatic expression—the simple form of recitative, called by the Italians *recitativo secco;* accompanied recitative or *recitativo stromentato;* and the regular aria. The first of these he employed for the ordinary business of the stage; the second for the expression of deep pathos, or violent emotion of any kind; the third, for impassioned, or at least strongly individualized, soliloquy. No radical change has ever taken place in the structure of *recitativo secco* since it was first invented. Then, as now, it was supported by a simple "thorough-bass," the chords of which were filled in, in former times, upon the harpsichord, but are now more frequently played by the orchestra. Accompanied recitative, on the contrary, unknown, so far as we can discover, before the time of Scarlatti, has since passed through an infinity of changes, naturally dictated by the gradual enlargement of the orchestra and the increased strength of its resources. But it is still what the inventor intended it to be—a passionate form of declamation, in which the sense of the verbal text is enforced by the continual interposition of orchestral passages of more or less elaborate construction. Lastly, the symmetrical form of the aria had been only very imperfectly suggested before Scarlatti completed it by the addition of a "second part," followed by that repetition of the original strain now known as the *Da Capo.* Within the last one hundred years this *Da Capo* has been discontinued, from a not unnatural objection to the stiffness of its effect; but that very stiffness was, in the first instance, a notable sign of life. We cannot but welcome it as the healthy indication of a desire to escape from the dreariness of the interminable monologue which preceded it; and however formal we may think it, we owe something to the composer who first made it a distinctive feature in the dramatic music he did so much to perfect, and whose love of regular design led him to introduce improvements of equal value into the form of the instrumental prelude which was afterwards recognized as the indispensable overture.

C. Hubert H. Parry *'The Oxford History of Music'*

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI'S disposition was more compliant than speculative. His works give the impression that they are the outcome of an exceptionally artistic nature, which was satisfied with the conditions presented to it and the methods which his predecessors had evolved, and sought only to make the best use of them which conformity with the taste of his con-

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temporaries admitted. It was a nature little liable to be disturbed by passion, vivid dramatic situations, independent lofty aspiration, or human suffering; but possessed of an exceptional instinct for purely abstract beauty, and perfect capacity to adapt itself to conditions. It may be doubted whether Scarlatti ever wrote a single passage which really stirs the depths of human feeling. Though often forcible to a remarkable degree, and generally noble and dignified, there is such an element of polished and courtly elegance about all his work that, though the pleasure it gives is refined and even elevating, it does not appeal to genuine human emotion. The well-known words "mira suavitas" on his tombstone are so apt that they seem to touch on the satirical; and though his melodies are truly exquisite, they tend to pall upon the hearer, for, like men who are overpolite, they seem to lack the quality of individual conviction.

Scarlatti's facility is truly astonishing. He assimilated all the resources his predecessors had accumulated, and applied them with brilliant success, improving them as he went along, while pouring out opera after opera with a precision and a conformity to established practice which would give the impression that he had something of the mechanic about him, had not the gifts of tune and style which they display proved that he was almost the greatest genius of his century. His preëminent gift is melody. In that he seems at home in every mood. Whether the vein is energetic, reposeful, plaintive, heroic, blustering or tender, the melodic phrase always seems ready, in a style which is admirably suited to show off the vocalist's ability. The articulation of the phraseology and the dexterous treatment of the words in detail are often worthy of admiration and even astonishment; but when a great number of arias have been gone through, the deliberate reiteration of the same devices and the paralyzing monotony of the same invariable design betray the influences which made the great composer little more then a name to later generations.

The Editor *Alessandro Scarlatti*

BY a seeming paradox, or freak of destiny, the very traits that chiefly caused Scarlatti's usefulness to his own generation have made him seem to ours antiquated and outworn. As a result of the concentration of the interest of his immediate forerunners—Monteverde, for instance—on dramatic expression, music had become in their hands somewhat vague, scattering, and indeterminate in design. It was eloquent enough, but rhapsodical and perverse. Scarlatti's mission was to substitute for the old contrapuntal principles of design it had outgrown new principles of form, new shaping forces, dependent on melodic phraseology and harmonic structure. He made it clear, shapely, orderly, by balancing his phrases and sections, and by grouping all the sections of a whole song into the form known for generations afterward as the aria, and representable by the formula A B A. Scarlatti had to make his designs very obvious and simple; for he wrote for an audience unaccustomed to such devices and unable to perceive

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any symmetry that was not bold, unequivocal, and uncomplicated by minor varieties of texture. The inevitable result was that he paid too little heed to that canon of art which asserts the value of diversity, of departure from the systematic, of surprise. The first artistic necessity, as he fully realized, is an intelligible scheme, a definite shape, an unmistakable unity of final effect. But the second necessity is fanciful play and spontaneity within this scheme, subtlety of contour within the definite shape, rich variety constituting the final unity. Lacking these secondary but vital qualities, Scarlatti's art speedily grew old; familiarity with his over-obvious designs bred perhaps not contempt, but indifference, languor, satiety. The obvious is always antiquated, for when we fully understand anything we are ready for something else. Hence Scarlatti is one of the most "old-fashioned" of writers. After hearing one phrase of one of his arias we could almost construct the rest for ourselves. There is no delightful evasion of the beaten track, no sudden opening up of new vistas, no substitution of what is both logical and novel for what is, to speak paradoxically, so logical as to be hackneyed before it is heard.

Nevertheless, Scarlatti's music has so much grace, amenity, suavity, and dexterous neatness of articulation that it can still please, even if it does not charm us. It has the perennial delightfulness of all good workmanship. Its very obviousness is, from this point of view, a virtue; for if it does precisely what we expect, it does it with such precision and happy certainty that we almost forget our wish to be surprised. Moreover, the fact that we, with two centuries more of musical experience than Scarlatti's contemporaries, know what to expect need not make us belittle the skill which originally led him to invent the very devices which so cultivated our understanding that it now finds them tame. After Columbus had stood the egg on end he was still a cleverer man than all those in his audience who ridiculed so easy a feat.

DOMENICO SCARLATTI

C. Hubert H. Parry — *'The Evolution of the Art of Music'*

THE singular genius of Domenico Scarlatti not only laid the foundations of modern music for keyed instruments, but contributed some very permanent items to the edifice. His instinct for the requirements of his instrument was so marvelous, and his development of technique so wide and rich, that he seems to spring full armed into the view of history. That he had models and types to work upon is certain, but his style is so unlike the familiar old suites and fugues and fantasias and ricercare, and other harpsichord music of the early times, that it seems likely that the work of his prototypes has been lost. His musical character makes it probable that he studied players rather than composers; for the quality that is most conspic-

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uous in his work is his thorough command of the situation as a performer. His work, at its best, gives the impression that he played upon his audience as much as he did on his harpsichord. He knows well the things that will tell, and how to awake interest in a new mood when the effects of any particular line are exhausted. Considering how little attention had been given to technique before his time, his feats of agility are really marvelous. The variety and incisiveness of his rhythms, the peculiarities of his harmony, his wild whirling rapid passages, his rattling shakes, his leaps from end to end of the keyboard, all indicate a preternaturally vivacious temperament; and unlike many later virtuosos, he is thoroughly alive to the meaning of music as an art, and does not make his feats of dexterity his principal object. They serve as the means to convey his singularly characteristic ideas in forms as abstract as modern sonatas.

The definiteness of his musical ideas is one of the most surprising things about him; for when the development of any branch of art is in its infancy, it generally taxes all a man's powers to master the mere mechanical problems of technique and style. But Scarlatti steps out with a sort of diabolic masterfulness and gives utterance with perfect ease to things which are unmistakable images of his characteristic personality. In spirit and intention his works prefigure one of the latest of modern musical developments, the scherzo. For vivacity, wit, irony, mischief, mockery, and all the category of human traits which Beethoven's scherzo served so brilliantly to express, the world had to wait for a full century to see Scarlatti's equal again. He left behind him a most copious legacy to mankind, but his successors were very slow to avail themselves of it. The majority of harpsichord composers immediately after his time were more inclined to follow a path that was redolent of the saponaceous influences of opera, and made their works but slightly distinct as forms of instrumental art. His influence is traceable here and there, but it did not bear full fruit till the development of genuine pianoforte playing began.

His sense of design was not so strong as his ideas or his feeling for effect. His works consist of single movements, which are almost invariably in the same form as the earlier movements of suites, such as the allemandes and courantes; only considerably extended after the manner of the violin sonatas, and singularly free from systematic dance rhythm. He rarely wrote fugues, and when he did they were not particularly good ones, either technically or intrinsically. He was too much of a performer to care much about the conventional ingenuities of fugue, and too much of a free lance to put his thoughts in so elaborate a form; though he often makes a beginning as if he were going to write a serious fugue, and then goes on in a different manner. The harmonic principle of design came to him most naturally, and, as far as they go in that respect, his movements are singularly lucid and definite. But they are not operatic. They are genuine representatives of a distinct branch of art; and the expression of ideas in terms exactly adapted to the instrument by means of which they are to be made perceptible to the human mind.

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Philip Hale *In 'Schirmer's Library'*

DOMENICO SCARLATTI is very near to our generation. He pays scanty attention to formalism. His Sonatas, like his Studies, are "sound-pieces." There is little regard for fugal construction, dance foundations of the suite, contrapuntal traditions. Running passages of thirds and sixths, broken chords in contrary motion, the necessity of quickly crossing the hands,—these novel features must have excited much wonder, as his contempt for the rules against consecutive fifths and octaves awoke undoubtedly the indignation of pedagogues. Seldom does he weave a contrapuntal web. His speech is pungent, decisive. The short themes are like rapier-thrusts. They are repeated with singular insistence. He loves to surprise in rhythm. He is seldom sentimental. The slow movement bores him. Ideas are thick and fast; they run at lightning speed; yet they do not jostle each other, for the expression is pellucid. The idea is never lost in development.

Scarlatti wrote music for his instrument, not music that might be, if necessary, played on it. How perennially fresh, sparkling, graceful! The wit and humor are for all time, all lands; just as the 'Celestina' of De Rojas, near four centuries old, is to-day a delight, strained as it is through the sieve of translation. For above all has the music of Scarlatti the flavor of personality. It throws out agreeable quickening perfumes, while the harpsichord music of too many of his contemporaries and followers is scentless and stale.

The Editor *Domenico Scarlatti*

"THERE is no excellent beauty," says Lord Bacon, "that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." The work of Domenico Scarlatti has much more beauty than that of his father, precisely for this reason—that it "hath more strangeness in the proportion." Domenico was a man of far more originality, daring, and inventiveness than his father. He had the impulses of the pioneer, the innovator: he was not satisfied to do more perfectly what had already been done; he must say something new, open untrodden roads, hint at unwonted beauties.

The most obvious outcome of this radical spirit was his technical ingenuity. His pages bristle with brand new melodic figures, admirably suited to the harpsichord and adapted to the fingers; with odd effects of tone, produced by crossing the hands, by displacing accents, by inserting grace-notes foreign to the harmony, by mingling staccato and legato as a deft salad-maker mingles vinegar and oil. The same spirit of whimsy, of precocious, half-mischievous cleverness, leads him to combine his phrases into the queerest patterns, as in the 'Burlesca,' where oddity all but prevails over regularity, and yet the final effect is orderly. He modulates much more daringly than his father; he is partial to dotted rhythms, and to the headlong movements of the dance. He treats the most serious

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of musical forms in a jesting spirit, writing a fugue on a subject suggested by his pet cat walking over the keyboard.

But above and beyond all this technical ingenuity and bravado is an imaginative quality far nobler, though kindred. His conceptions are often highly poetic. The grace and tenderness of the Minuet, printed in the following selections, the serious dignity, touched with a reticent sadness, of the Courante, the freshness and genuinely pastoral atmosphere of the Pastorale, emanate from a nature truly distinguished, truly creative. In almost everything that he writes there is this indefinable touch of the master-mind. It is for this reason that his work has not grown archaic, but is to-day as fresh and as appealing as when it was written.

THE WORKS OF THE SCARLATTIS

NOTES ON THE SELECTIONS

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI

ALL three of the excerpts from the work of Alessandro Scarlatti here reproduced are examples of that simple three-part aria- or song-form to which he was so partial. Concerning the form itself, Dr. Parry writes as follows in the third volume of the 'Oxford History of Music': "The theory that Scarlatti invented the aria-form is one of the most familiar absurdities of average second-hand musical history. It is perfectly obvious that he did not invent it, as its growth and use can be traced in the works of composers earlier in his century. But he at all events represents the period when it came prominently into notice and became the staple resource of opera composers. . . . It begins with a first part, representing a definite block of music which is consistent in mood and style of melody, represents one key, and is rounded off with a close. This portion is followed by a second portion, which supplies contrast of some sort—sometimes contrast of key, and within certain bounds contrast of mood and style. This division is developed at a length a little less than that of the first portion, and generally in a style less vivid, so as not to overbalance the principal opening section, and the movement is rounded off by repeating the whole of the first portion over again, which process is familiarly described as the '*Da Capo.*' The form is obviously of the simplest imaginable, corresponding to the formula A B A, and is sometimes called the primary form in music, because it is the very lowest and most elementary type which can be arrived at."

This simple aria-form, as has been already pointed out, became rigid and tiresome in the course of too constant use through generations. But in the time of Scarlatti it was nevertheless, by virtue of its clarity, an invaluable device, and its influence on music has been permanent.

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I. 'To a Violet' *Alessandro Scarlatti*

HERE the ordinary aria-form is augmented by a repetition of the second and third parts, so that the descriptive formula should be A B A B A rather than A B A. Moreover, the first part is not "rounded off with a close," or full cadence, but passes directly into the second; and the third is not an exact, but a varied, repetition of the first. All these divergences, however, are matters of detail rather than of principle.

The first part consists of a charmingly light and graceful melody, the second phrase of which is composed of a "sequence." At the eleventh measure part two begins, with an echo effect, such as we saw frequently exemplified in the work of Purcell,[1] between the piano and the voice. All this part is more fragmentary, less fluent, than the first, consisting mostly indeed of short motifs of a few notes, tossed back and forth between voice and accompaniment; and it ends with a modulation to the relative minor key, at the fourth measure of the third system on page 18. Now comes the *Da Capo*, or restatement of the original idea, slightly varied, and ending in a strong cadence at page 19, the second system, the third measure. Parts two and three are forthwith repeated, filling out the complete form as indicated by the formula A B A B A.

Much of the effectiveness of this sprightly melody depends on the delicacy and rhythmic accuracy with which it is sung, on the careful observance of contrasts between loud and soft, and on the crispness of the staccato chords and figures in the accompaniment.

II. 'O No Longer Seek to Pain Me' *Alessandro Scarlatti*

THIS finely mournful air, well known to singers under its Italian title, 'O Cessate di Piargarmi,' goes as near to disprove Dr. Parry's statement that "it is doubtful whether Scarlatti ever wrote a single passage which really stirs the depths of human feelings" as anything well could. It is certainly charged with a deep pathos, all the more profound, perhaps, for being restrained and controlled by a fine artistic reticence. It does lack, indeed, like all Scarlatti's music, that power to thrill which immediately disarms all criticism; we can separate ourselves from it, and judge it dispassionately even when we admire it most; but it has for all that a rare poignancy and beauty. The melody of the first two systems (Part A) is very lovely in curve and appealing in its simple directness. In Part B, the successive monotone phrases, each a tone higher than the last, have a remarkable cumulative force, and induce a smoldering excitement which finally bursts out in the impassioned "Nor so coldly hear my cry." The third part is exactly like the first. Altogether, this is a singularly perfect example of the best type of emotional Italian aria.

The singer is advised to avoid the ornaments given above the staffs as "ossias," and to use the simpler form of the melody.

[1] MASTERS IN MUSIC, Part 16.

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III. 'Nevermore' *Alessandro Scarlatti*

THE composers of the seventeenth century seem to have been fond of the Siciliano, based on the swaying 6-8 rhythm of a Sicilian peasant-dance. The fourth selection from Purcell's works, in Part 16 of MASTERS IN MUSIC, is a graceful Siciliano; and there is another among the excerpts from Handel, in Part 12. This air of Scarlatti's is quite equal to either in point of grace and charm, and there is in it also a vein of wistfulness not to be found in the others. Special points of interest in the melody, where this wistfulness is peculiarly striking, are the leap of a sixth down to B-natural in the first measure of the third system, and the unexpected and impressive A-flat in the first measure of the fourth. The middle part, in the key of the relative major, is more bold, animated, and cheerful; after it the first part recurs with even greater effect than at first.

This song illustrates very well the peculiar combination of an aristocratic, courtly grace of manner with tender and delicate feeling which is characteristic of Alessandro Scarlatti.

DOMENICO SCARLATTI

The pieces by Domenico Scarlatti have been reprinted from the Schirmer Library, with the kind permission of the publishers.

I. Prelude *Domenico Scarlatti*

IN form, this piece is a sort of free fugue, consisting of a development of the subject presented in the first two measures. The development is carried out rather loosely, however, the subject being much altered in the last two thirds of the piece. The first "entrances" of the subject are regular enough. In measure 1 it is announced by the left hand; at the middle of measure 2 the answer is given by the right; in measure 4 the subject again appears in a still higher voice, and at the middle of measure 5 comes the due answer, still higher. At the beginning of the fourth system comes the subject once more, slightly curtailed and in the dominant key; and thereafter all its appearances are in somewhat modified or contracted form.

A full description and analysis of the fugue form will be found in the Notes on the Selections of MASTERS IN MUSIC, Part 6, dealing with Raff. As already said, this fugue of Domenico Scarlatti is "free" and loosely developed, while Raff's is very carefully worked out; nevertheless, there is between the two a marked affinity of general style and effect.

The chief technical difficulty is to give the phrasing with sufficient accuracy and clearness. In the very last system of all, for example, the first few phrases end with staccato notes, on the beat, which must be clean and detached; then comes a long phrase of twelve notes, very legato

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until the last one, which is left with an upward leap of the hand; a staccato chord prepares the ear for a firm tonic chord, fortissimo; and the whole ends with a descending legato scale, proceeding into a firmly held tonic chord. Here are many subtle variations of touch and accent, on the precision of which the entire effect depends.

II. Sarabanda — *Domenico Scarlatti*

THE Sarabanda is a stately old dance in triple time. Originating in Spain, it early became popular in all European countries, and was transfigured into a great art-form by J. S. Bach, whose sarabandas are among his noblest creations. This Sarabanda of Scarlatti has a stately and sustained quality that somehow suggests the organ. It should be played throughout with the most sustained legato possible. Care will be needed to preserve accurately the rhythm of the dotted eighth-note with the sixteenth, the tendency being to lengthen the shorter note until it becomes a third of the entire beat instead of only a fourth. The grace-notes in the bass, in the fifth and sixth systems, make a peculiar and rather pleasing rumble. They should be played forcibly, almost harshly. The melody all through should sing like a violin.

III. Burlesca — *Domenico Scarlatti*

AS its name implies, this Burlesca is a thing of sudden contrasts and strongly characterized physiognomy. It is at once light and bold, delicate and impetuous. It calls in the playing for a supple wrist, a strong arm, and perfect command of light and shade in comparative loudness. Thus in the fifth measure there is a strongly marked passage beginning softly and ending with much force; immediately after it comes a measure of delicate, distinct, staccato; then comes again the crescendo passage, and once more the contrasting delicate one. All the slight crescendos, too, at the bottom of the page, where the left hand has a melody in octaves, must be distinct, trenchant, incisive. The effects in the last two systems of page 31, on the other hand, are all crisp, light effects, dependent on clean phrasing. A slight retard, for emphasis, is needed on the two final staccato chords and the vigorous unison on D. The waywardness and whimsical fancy of Domenico Scarlatti are particularly noticeable in the unexpected turns and odd progressions of the phrases of this final passage.

In the second half of the Burlesca (pages 32 and 33) one may also note the freedom and boldness of his modulation; and the fascinating cross-rhythm or syncopation in the sixth measure from the end deserves special remark. The same emphatic retard may be made at the end as at the close of the first section.

This Burlesca is, as the Germans say, very "klavier mässig," or suited to the special genius of the piano, and is for that reason most delightful to play, as well as to listen to.

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IV. Menuetto *Domenico Scarlatti*

THE mark "con grazia" is here very significant, as grace is indeed the pervasive quality of this most charming little minuet. The more one plays it the more opportunities one finds for effective subtleties in the rendering of its delicate curves. It is a piece in which each detail needs to be perfect.

Notice the breaking-up of the triple rhythm into groups of two beats each, in measures 10 and 11, a device which was described in the notes on Mozart in Part 1 of MASTERS IN MUSIC. In the last system on the page, note the ending of each long wave of melody in a staccato note at the first beat of the measure, and the immediate starting of a new phrase with the second note. In the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth measures on page 35, note the melody in the left hand.

The final cadence is especially Mozartian, and indeed this piece as a whole suggests Mozart just as strongly as the Sarabanda and the Courante suggest Bach.

The hold at the end of the second system on page 37, keeping the rhythm poised, so to speak, and followed by a resumption of it in pianissimo, is most charming.

V. Courante *Domenico Scarlatti*

SCARLATTI'S mood here becomes more meditative, even sad, than in any of the other selections. The two melodies in soprano and alto, the second always lagging behind the first, are full of wistfulness, rising at times, as at the bottom of the first page, to somber passion. The very original melody in the second system of page 39 has a touch of Wagnerian mysticism. The long phrase of four measures, at the bottom of the same page, is remarkably sustained and noble, and calls for a most skilful legato. The last two systems of the whole piece should be played quietly, tranquilly, with a gradual cessation of movement or "running down," the last descending arpeggio being scarcely more than a breath.

This is the most noble and musical, probably, of all the selections.

VI. Pastorale *Domenico Scarlatti*

SCARLATTI'S contemporaries must have been almost as much surprised as delighted with this most original Pastorale. It is full of effects peculiarly his own, as for example the rippling thirds in measures 8, 9, 10, and 11, and the slightly blurred harmonies of the last twelve measures of the first half. To play this piece satisfactorily requires a good deal of dexterity and lightness. Like all Scarlatti's pieces, it demands most careful phrasing and most precise contrast of legato and staccato.

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VII. The 'Cat Fugue' *Domenico Scarlatti*

THE origin of the subject of this *jeu d'esprit* has already been described. Scarlatti's pet cat ran across the keyboard, striking notes that at first hearing sound wholly meaningless, but that Scarlatti is able to give sense to by a deft harmonic treatment. The full daring of his manipulation will be appreciated only by the student of harmony, who will see that he treats F-sharp, the fourth tone, as a leading-note in the key of G-minor, resolving it, not into the tonic, G, but into the minor third, B-flat.

On the working-out of the fugue no particular comment is necessary. It is quite in the regular, conventional fugue form, a description of which will be found in Part 6 of MASTERS IN MUSIC. The originality of the whole depends upon the bold and curious physiognomy of the subject, suggested in so odd a fashion.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF THE SCARLATTIS

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI wrote over one hundred operas, ten oratorios, two hundred masses, and much secular music such as madrigals, cantatas, and the like. All of his music is now obsolete, save a few short airs which still hold a place in the repertory of singers.

Domenico Scarlatti wrote about a dozen operas, none of which has survived. He is known by his works for the harpsichord and other instruments made on the principles of the modern piano. Editions of these pieces have been issued by Czerny, Farrenc, and Von Bülow.

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I. 'TO A VIOLET'

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI.

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hiding, 'Neath the leaflets, 'neath the leaflets, Green re - cesses, Thy example
calms and blesses, My ambition gently chiding, Thy example
calms and blesses, My ambi - tion. Ah! my ambition chid - ing. Bear this
message ten-der flower, To my fair one, to my fair one, in her bow-er

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Bear this message ten-der flower, bear this message, To my fair one in her bow - -
p
mf
p
er To my fair one in her bow - er. Say like thee I'd come un-to her,
rit.
tr
f
p
mf
As thy fragrance I would woo her,
tr
As thy fragrance, as thy fragrance I would woo her, As thy beauty o'er her
p
stealing, From my fond heart love re - veal-ing, As thy beauty o'er her
mf
p

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stealing; From my fond heart, my fond heart love re - veal - ing. Bear this
mf
message ten-der flower, To my fair one, to my fair one in her bower,
p
mf
ten - der flow - - - - er To my
Bear this message, ten-der flower, To my fair one, to my fair one in her bow - -
p
riten.
er, Bear this message, tender flow-er, tender flow - - - - er!
riten.
colla voce
f

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II. 'O NO LONGER SEEK TO PAIN ME'

English words by Dr. THEO. BAKER. ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI.

Adagio.
O no long - er seek to pain me,
p
O give o'er and let me die. O give o'er and let me die.
p
p
cre - - - scen - - do - - - - - - - poco - - - - - a -
Eyes so fate - ful, so un-grate - ful, Eyes so fate - ful, so un-grate - ful,
p
p

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III. 'NEVERMORE'

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI.

Andantino.
Though
p
land and sea di-vide us, What - ev - er may be-tide us, My love shall ne'er de-part!
p
p
Though seas di - vide us, ___ What-e'er be-tide us, ___ My love shall ne'er de -
part. ___ Shall nev - ermore de - part.
Though seas di - vide us, ___ What -

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Fine.
e'er be-tide us, My love shall ne'er de-part, shall nev-ermore de-part.
mf
I shall be con-stant ev - - - er, My
p
faith shall fail thee nev - er, While love is in my heart, I shall be constant ev - er, My
faith shall fail thee nev - er, While love is in my heart, While love is in my heart, While
p
p
love is in my heart, While love, while love still glows in my heart.
Da Capo al Fine.

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I. PRELUDE

DOMENICO SCARLATTI.

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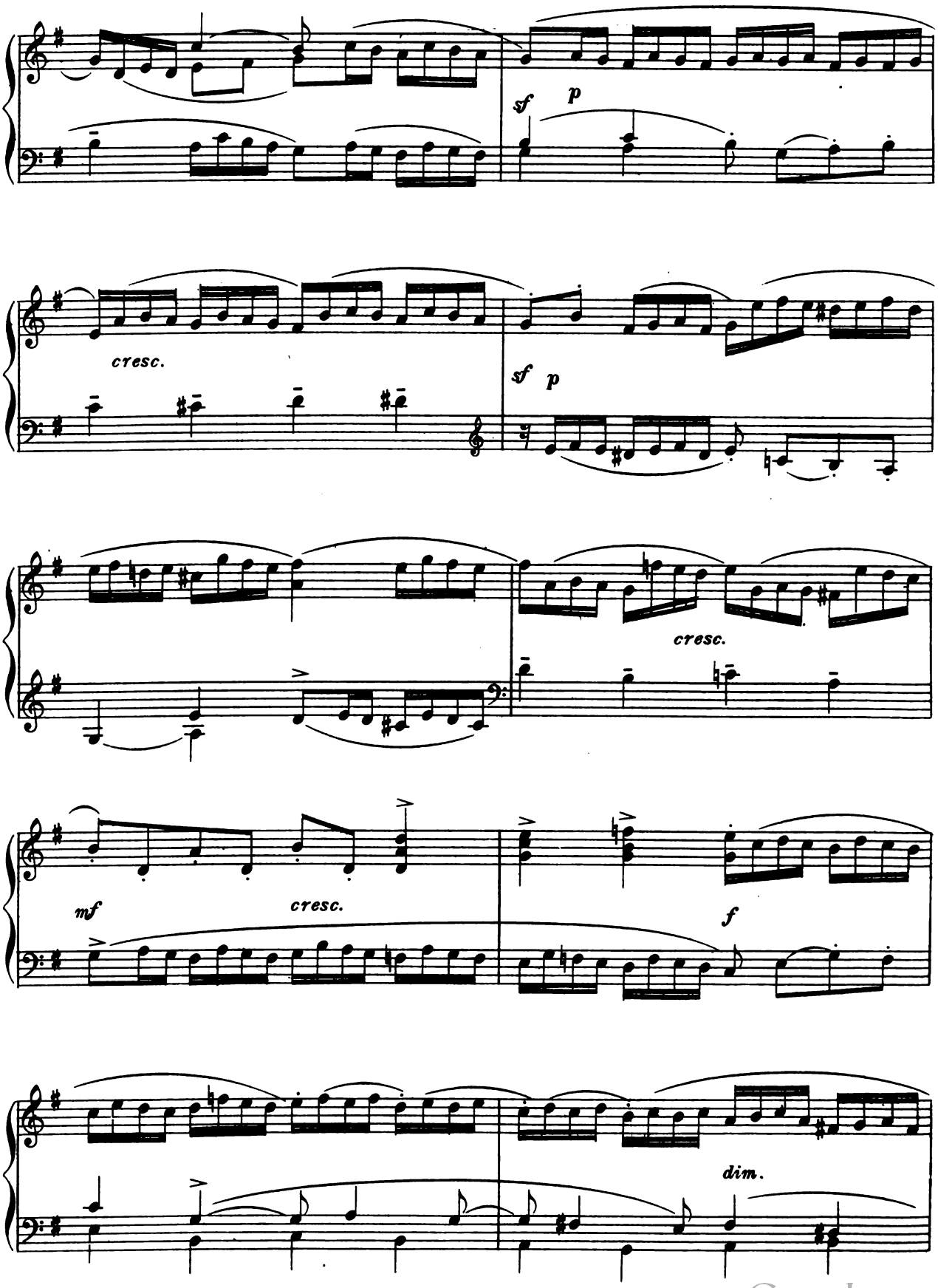

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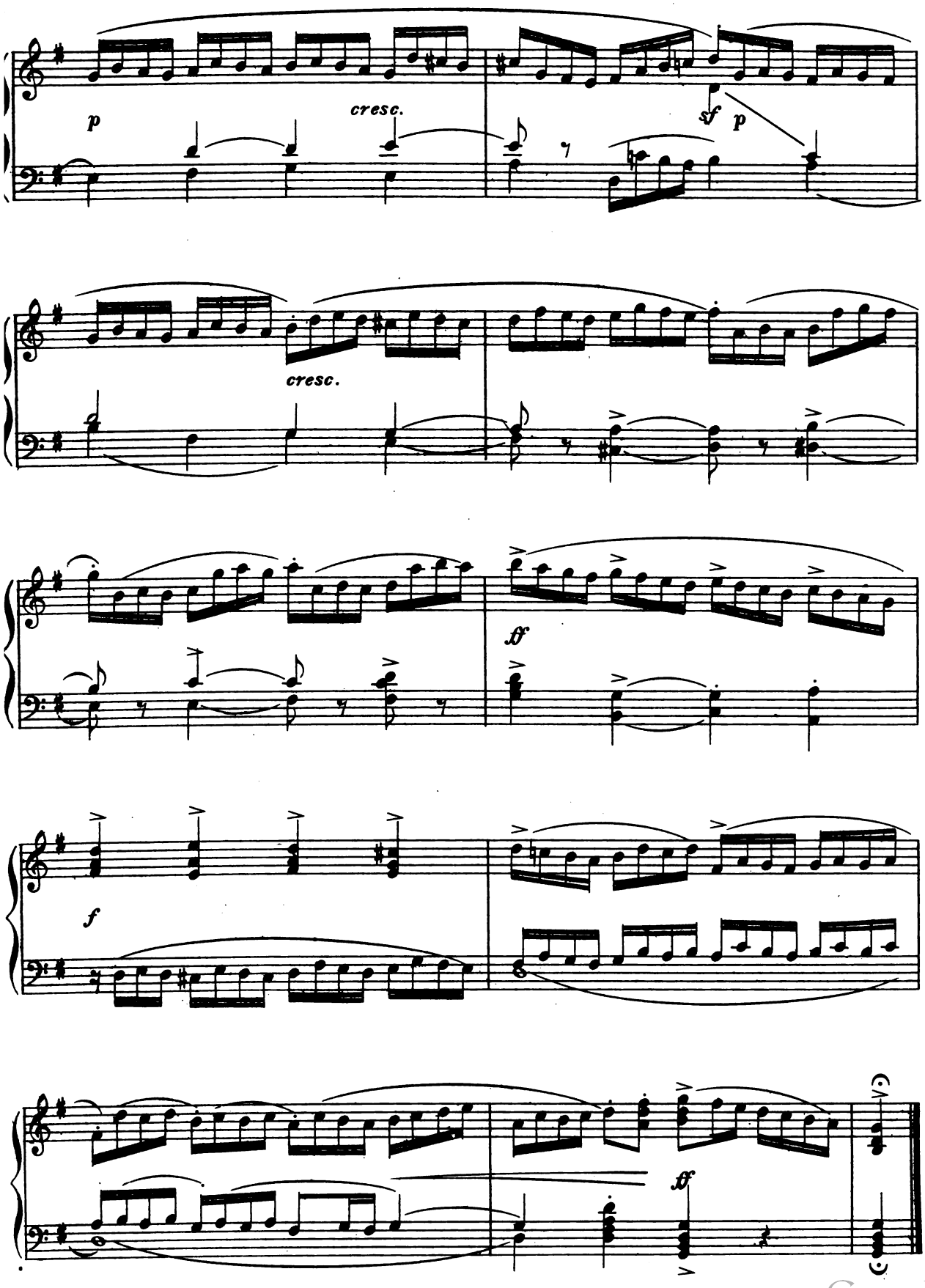

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II. SARABANDA

Allegro moderato. DOMENICO SCARLATTI.

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III. BURLESCA

DOMENICO SCARLATTI.

Allegro.

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IV. MENUETTO

DOMENICO SCARLATTI.

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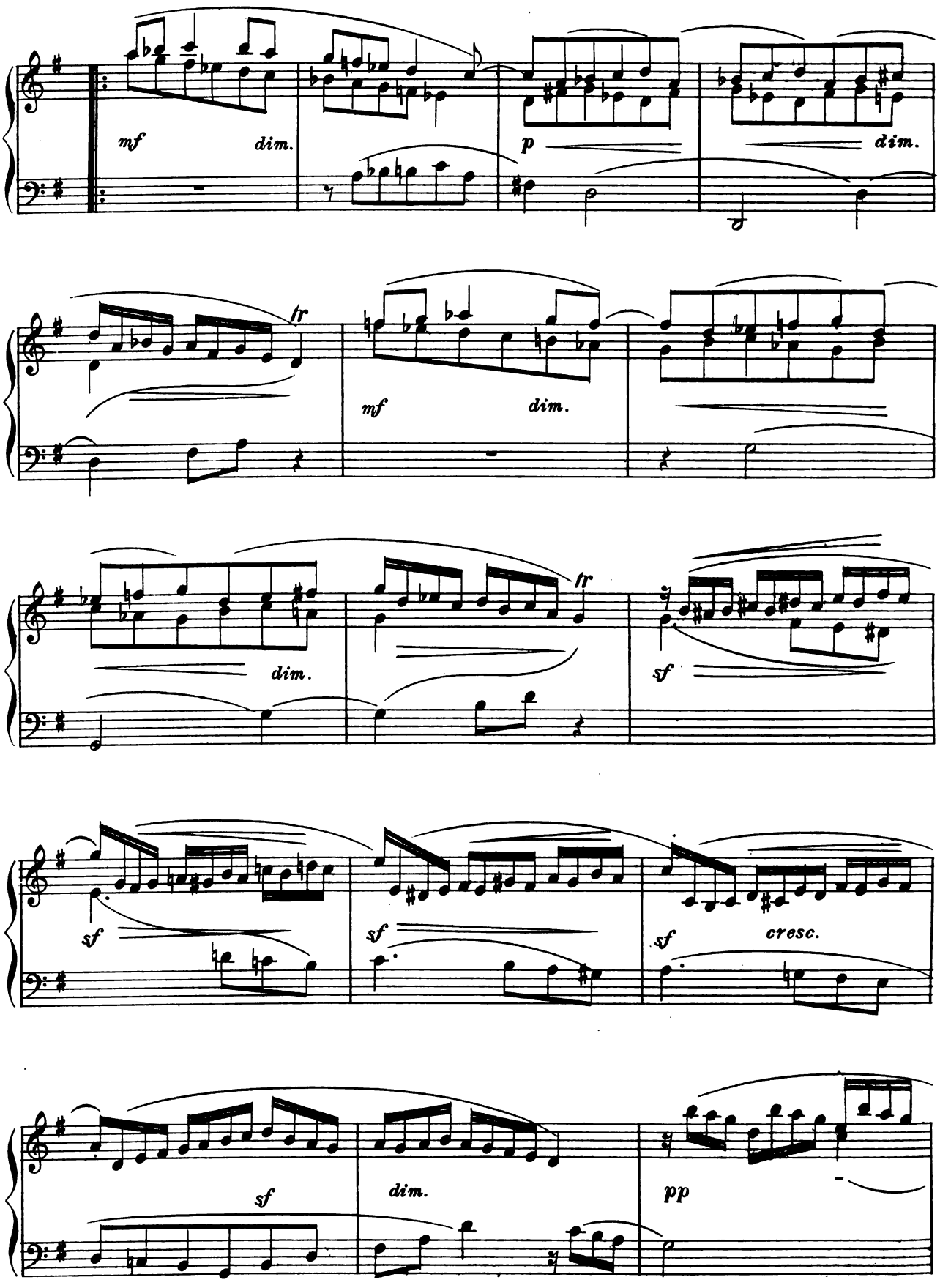

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V. COURANTE

DOMENICO SCARLATTI.

Allegro moderato.

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VI. PASTORALE

DOMENICO SCARLATTI.

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VII. THE 'CAT FUGUE'

DOMENICO SCARLATTI.

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THE SCARLATTIS

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MASTERS IN MUSIC

EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

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THE SCARLATTIS

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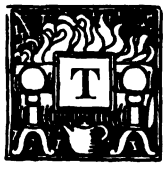

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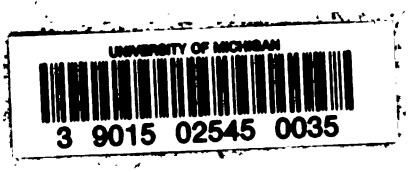

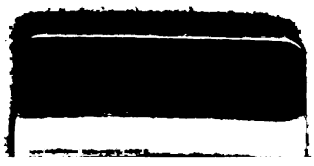

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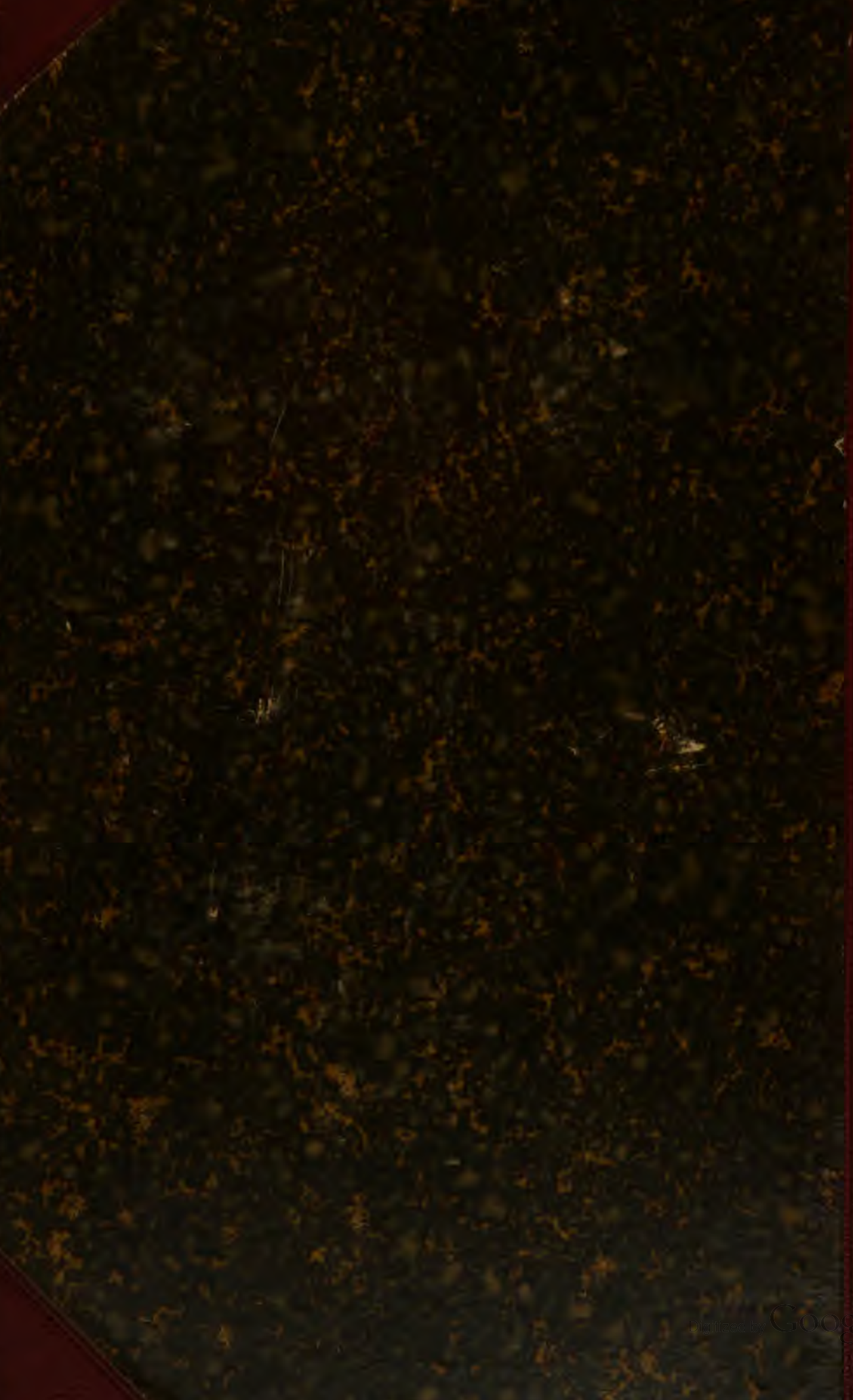
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